# A Mad World my MASTERS:

A Comedy.

As it hath bin often Acted at the Private House in *Salisbury Court*, by her Majesties Servants.

Composed by *T. M.* Gent.

*LONDON*:
Printed for *J. S.* and are to be sold by *James Becket*, at his Shop in the inner Temple Gate.
1640.

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# The Printer and Stationer to the Gentle *READER.*

COurteous Reader, let not the Title or Name of this Comedy be any fore-stalling, or a weakning of the worthy Authors Judgement, whose knowne Abilities will survive to all Posterities, though hee be long since dead. I hope the Reading thereof shall not prove distastefull unto any in particular, nor hurtfull

full unto any in generall; but I rather truſt that the Language and the plot which you ſhall find in each Scene, ſhall rather be commended & applauded, than any way derided or ſcorned. In the action, which is the life of a Comedy, and the glory of the Author, it hath bin ſufficiently expreſſed, to the liking of the Spectators, and commendations of the Actors; who have ſet it forth in ſuch lively colours, and to the meaning of the Gentleman that true penn'd it, that I dare ſay few can excell them, though ſome may equall them. In the reading of one *Act* you gheſſe the conſequence, for here is no bumbaſted or fuſtian ſtuffe; but every line weighed as with ballance; & every ſentence placed with judgement and deliberation. All that you can find in

the

the perusall, I will give you notice of before hand, to prevent a censure that may arise in thy reading of this Comedy; as also for the excuse of the *Author*; and that is this: here & there you shall find some lines that doe answer in meetre, which I hope will not prove so disdainefull, whereby the booke may be so much slighted, as not to be read; or the *Authors* judgement undervalued as of no worth. Consider (gentle Reader) it is full twenty yeares since it was written, at which time meetre was most in use, and shewed well upon the conclusion of every Act & Scene. My prevalent hope desires thy charitable censure, and thereby drawes me to be

*Thy immutable friend.*

*I. S.*

## The Actors in the Comedy.

Sir *Bounteous Progresse* an old rich Knight.
*Richard Folly-wit*, Nephew to Sir *Bounteous Progresse*.
Master *Penitent Brothell*, a Country gentleman,
*Maw-worme* a Lieutenant,
*Hobby* an Ancient,
Comrades to *Folly-wit*.
Master *Inesse*,
Master *Possibilis*,
Two Brothers.
Master *Harebraine*, a Citizen.
*Gum-water* Sir *Bounteous* man.
*Iuliet* master *Penitents* man.
*Ralph* master *Harebraines* man.
Two Knights.
One Constable.
A *Succubus*.
Watch-men.
A Poste-man.
An old Gentlewoman, and mother to the *Curtizan*.
Mistris *Harebraine*, the Citizens wife.
*Franke Gulman*, the *Curtizan*.
Attendants.

A mad

# A Mad World my MASTERS.

*Enter Dicke Folly-wit, and his consorts, Lieftenant Maw-worme, Antient Hoboy, and others his Comrades.*

*Lieft.* Captaine, Regent, Principall,

*Anci.* What shall I call thee? -
The Noble sparke of bounty;
The life-blood of Society.

*Folly-w.* Call me your Fore-cast, you whoresons, when you come drunke out of a Taverne, 'tis I must cast your plots into for me still; 'tis I must manage the Pranke, or Ile not give a louse for the proceeding: I must let fly my civill fortunes, turne wild-braine, lay my wits upo'th Tenters, you raskals, to maintaine a company of villaines, whom I love in my very soule and conscience.

*Lieft.* A ha, our little fore-cast.

*Folly-w.* Hang you, you have beguil'd me [illegible] I was wont yet to pitie the simple, and leave 'em some mony: slid, now I gull 'em without conscience; I goe without order, sweare without number, gull without mercy, and drinke without measure.

*Lieft.* I deny the last, for if you drinke never so much, you drinke within measure.

*Folly-w.* How prove you that sir?

*Lieft.* Because the Drawers never fill their pots.

*Folly-w.* Masse that was well found out, all Drunkards may lawfully say, they drinke within measure by that tricke: and now I meput i'th mind of a tricke, you can keepe your countenance villaines? yes I and a foole to aske that, for how can they keepe their countenance that have lost their credits?

*Anti.* I warrant you for blushing Captaine.

*Folly-w.* I easily believe that *Anthony*, for thou hast lost thy colours once: Nay faith as for blushing, drinke before grace little enough among you all, the Lent in your cheekes, the flag's downe, well, your blushing face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing free, unlesse you had more mony in your purse: alien this compendiously now, you all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolike Grandsire Sir *Bountious Progresse*, whose death makes all possible to me: I shall have all, when he has nothing, but now he has all, I shall have nothing: I thinke one mind runnes through a million of 'em; they love to keepe us sober all the while the're alive, that when the're dead we may

rinke to their healths; they cannot abide to see us merry all the while they're above ground; and that makes so many laugh at their fathers funerals. I know my Grandsire has his Will in a Boxe, and has bequeath'd all to mee, when hee can carry nothing away: but stood I in neede of poore ten pounds now, by his will I should hang my selfe ere I should get it, there's no such word in his Will I warrant you, nor no such thought in his mind.

*Lieft.* You may build upon that Captaine.

*Folly-w.* Then since hee has no good will to doe mee good as long as hee lives, by mine owne will, Ile doe my selfe good before hee dyes, and now I arrive at the purpose. You are not ignorant I'me sure, you true and necessary implements of mischiefe; first, that my Grandsire Sir *Bountivous Progresse* is a Knight of thousands, and therefore no Knight under one thousand five hundred: next, that hee keepes a house like his name *Bountivous*, open for all commers: thirdly and lastly, that hee stands much upon the glory of his complement, variety of entertainement, together with the largenesse of his Kitchin, longitude of his Buttery, and secundity of his Larder, and thinkes himselfe never happier then when some stiffe L. or great Countesse alights, to make light his dishes: these being well mixt together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate: to be short, and cut off a great deale of thirty way; Ile down to my Grandsire like a L.

*Lieft.* How Captaine?

*Folly-w.* A French ruffe, a thinne beard, and a strong perfume will doo't: I can hire blew coates for you all by *Westminster* Clocke, and that colour will bee soonest beleeved.

*Lieft.* But prethee Captaine?

*Folly-w.* Push, I reach past your fadomes; you desire Crownes.

*Lieft.* From the Crown of mine Head, to the sole of

out foot vally.

*Follywit.* Why carry your selves but probably, and carry away enough with your selves.

*Enter Master Penitent Brothel.*

*Anci.* Why there spoke a Roman Captaine, M. *Penitent Brothell!*

*M. Pen.* Sweet M. *Follywit.* *Exit.*

Here's a mad-braine a th first, whose prankes scorne to have presidents, to be second to any, or write beneath boys mad-caps inventions, has plaid more trickes then the the Cardes can allow a man, and of the last stampe too, hating imitation, a fellow whose onely glory is to be prime of the company, to be sure of which, he maintaines al the rest: he's the Carrion, and they the Kytes that gore upon him. But why in others doe I checke wild passions, And retaine deadly follies in my selfe? I taxe his youth of common receiv'd riot, Times Comicke flashes, and the fruits of blood; And in my selfe lookt up adulterous motions, And such an appetite that I know damns me, Yet willingly embrace it, love to *Hardolphs* wife, Over whose houres and pleasures her sicke husband With a fantasticke but desery'd suspect, Bestowes his serious time in watch and ward: of: And therefore I me constraind to use the meanes Of one that knowes no meane, a Curtizan, One poison for another, whom her husband Without suspicion innocently admits Into her company, who with tried Art Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers, Making his jealousie more than halfe a Witnesse, Before his face plotting his owne abuse, To which himselfe gives ayme.

*Enter Curtizan.*

Whilst the broad arrow with the forked head

Misses his brow but narrowly; see here the edges.
The close *Curtizan*, whose mother is her bawd.

*Curtiz.* Master *Penitent Brothelle.*

*M. Pen.* My little pretty Lady *Gallian*, the newes, the comfort?

*Curtiz.* Y'are the fortunat'st man sir, Knight a'th holland skirt: there wants but opportunity and the sweet of your owne fashioning, she has wrought her selfe into the fatnes of your love before my art set finger to her.

*M. Pen.* Did our affections accord our thoughts keep time?

*Curtiz.* So it should seem by the Musicke, the onely jarre is in the grumbling base Viol her husband.

*M. Pen.* Oh his waking suspicion!

*Curtiz.* Sigh not *M. Penitent*, rather be mannaging of the busines with me, 'tis for my credit now to see't well finish't; if I doe you no good sir, you shall give me no mony sir.

*M. Pen.* I am arriv'd at the Court of conscience: *A Curtizan!* O admirable times! honesty is retrench'd to the Common place. Farewell Lady. *Exit Penitent.*

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth.* How now daughter?

*Curtiz.* What newes Mother?

*Moth.* A token from thy Keeper.

*Curtiz.* Oh from her *Tyrannous Dragonesse*, hee's my Keeper indeed, but there's many a peice of mutton stolne that my Keeper wots not on; there's no Parke kept so warily, but loves fresh ont'me quother; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantages to make the best of her pleasure: and in common reason one Keeper cannot bee enough for so proud a Parke as a woman.

*Moth.* Hold thee there Girle.

*Curt.* Feare not mine mother.

*Moth.* Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtilty: the very Spider weaves her caules with more art and

and cunning to entrap the flie,
The shallow ploughman can distinguish now.
Twixt simple truth and a dissembling brow.
Your base mechanick fellow can spy out
A weakenes in a L. and learnes to flout.
How do'st thou out us then, that live by sight,
To have our wits wound up to their highest height?
Fifteen times thou know'st I have sold my maiden-head,
To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet
There's maides inlaid enough for old Sir *Bountous* still,
He'le be at his life time about it yet, and be as far to seeke
when he has done.
The summes that I have told upon thy pillow!
I shall once see those golden dales again;
The fifteenth, all thy maiden-heads are not gone;
The *Italian* is not few yet, nor the *French*;
The *Dutch* man comes for a trade not over,
They help to all the sicknes but my girle,
'Tis nothing but a politicke conveyance,
A sincere carriage, a religious eye-brow,
That throwes their charmes over the world lings senses;
And when thou spiest a foole that truely pities
The false springs of thine eyes,
And honourably doates upon thy love,
If he be rich, set him by for a husband,
Be wisely tempted and leave him a wench,
Who gets th' opinion for a vertuous head
May sin at pleasure, and lose the ayme of shame.
*Gar.* Mother, I am too deepe a Scholler ground
To learne my first rules now.
*Moth.* I will be thine owne, I say no more; peace, harke,
remove thy selfe, oh, the two elder Brothers.

Enter *Ingle*, and *Possibility*.

*Possib.* A faire houre fwoot Lady.

*Moth.* Good morrow Gentlemen: Master *Thrifle*, and Master *Possibility*.

*Ine.* Where's the little sweet Lady your daughter?

*Moth.* Even at her booke sir.

*Poss.* So religious?

*Moth.* Tis no new motion in her, she tooke it from an infant.

*Poss.* Wo may deserve a sight of her, Lady?

*Moth.* Upon that condition you will promise me gentlemen, to avoid all prophane talke, wanton Complements, indecent phrases, and lascivious courtings, (which I know my daughter will sooner dye then endure,) I am contented your suite shall be granted.

*Poss.* Not a bawdy syllable I protest.

*Ine.* Syllable, we place it there, for indeed your one syllables are your bawdiest words; prick that downe.

*Enter Master Hardshake.*

*Hardsh.* She may make night worke on't, twas well recovered, Hee Cats and Curtains fringe is most rich in sight, Her friend may be receiv'd and convey'd forth nightly, Ile beat charge for watch and ward, for watch and ward I faith, and here they come.

*Enter two or three with bills.*

*First.* Give your Worships good even.

*Hardsh.* Welcome my friends, I must deserve your diligence in employ in the serious: the truth is, there is a cunning plot laid, but happily discovered, to robbe my House: the night unquiet when, but that within the circle of this moneth: not do this villany consist in numbers? Or many partners, onely some one Shall in the forme of my familiar friend,

Bee

Be secretly & privately introduc'd into the house,
By some perfidious servant of mine owne,
Addrest fit for the practise.

*First.* O abhominable!

*Hareb.* If you be faithfull watchmen, shew your goodnes,
And with those Angels that are upon your eye-lids,
Let me not be purloind, purloind indeed; the merry *Greekes*
conceive me: there is a Iem I would not loose, kept by the
*Italian* mad in love with his key, we *English men* are careless
creatures: well, I have said enough, sir, *Exeunt.*
And we will be enough for you, sir.
*Hareb.* Why well said, watch me a good time now, so, so, so,
Rise villany with the Larke, why 'tis prevented,
Or steal't by with the leather winged Bat,
The evening cannot cover it, peace. Oh Lady *Gulman*, my
wives worthy Cousin, welcome, how do's the vertuous
Matron, that good old Gentlewoman thy Mother? I per-
swade my selfe, if modesty be in the world she has part on't:
a woman of an excellent carriage all her life time, in
Court, City, and Country.

*Curtiz.* Sha's alwaies carried it well in those places sir;
witnesse three bastards a piece: how do's your sweete bed-
fellow sir? you see I me her boldest visitant.

*Hareb.* And welcome sweet Virgin; the onely compani-
on, my soule wishes for her; I left her within at her Lute,
prethee give her good counsell.

*Curtiz.* Alas, she needs none sir.

*Hareb.* Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not
come amisse to her.

*Curtiz.* Ile bestow my labour sir.

*Hareb.* Doe, labour her prethee; I have conveyd away
all her wanton Pamphlets, as *Hero* and *Leander*, *Venus* and
*Adonis*, oh two lushious mary-bone pies for a yong mar-
ried wife, here, here, prethee take the resolution, and read
to her a little.

*Curt.* Sha's set up her resolution already sir.

*Hareb.*

*Hareb.* True, true, and this will confirme it the more, there's a Chapter of Hell, 'tis good to read this cold weather, terrifie her, catechise her, goe reade to her the horrible punishments for itching wantonesse, the paines allotted for adultery, tell her her thoughts, her very dreames are answerable, say so, tip up the life of a Curtizan, and shew how loathsome 'tis.

*Curt.* The Gentleman would perswade me in time to disgrace my selfe, and speake ill of mine owne function.

*Exit.*

*Hareb.* This is the course I take, Ile teach the married man
A new selected straine, I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company,
Puh, that's enough; Ile keepe her to her stint,
He put her to her pension,
She gets but her allowance, that's bare one,
Few women but have that beside their owne,
Ha, ha, ha; nay Ile put her hard too't.

*Enter Wife and Curtizan.*

*Wife.* Faine would I meete the gentleman.

*Curt.* Push, faine would you meete him, why, you doe Not take the course.

*Hareb.* How earnestly she labours her, like a good lothsome sister of the family, she will prevaile I hope,

*Curt.* Is that the meanes?

*Wife.* What is the meanes? I would as gladly to injoy his sight, imbrace it as the

*Curt.* Shall I have hearing? listen?

*Hareb.* She's round with her y faith.

*Curt.* When husbands in their rancke'st suspitions dwell,
Then 'tis our best Art to dissemble well,
Put but these notes in use, that Ile direct you,
He'le curse himself for before he did suspect you,
Perhaps he will solicite you, as in triall
To visite such and such, still give deniall.

Let no perſuaſions ſway you, they are but ſnares
Set to betray your jealouſies, ſlights, and reaches:
Set me in light to find ure the light of ſad mirth.
Put by all kiſſes, all you will in common,
Neglect all entertainment, if he bring in
Strangers, keepe you your chamber, be not ſeene;
If he chance ſteele upon you, let him find
Some booke dy'e open 'gainſt our unchaſt minde,
And cited Scriptures, this for your owne pleaſure,
You reade ſome ſtirring Pamphlet, and convey it
Under your Skirt, the fitteſt place to lay it.
This is the courſe my wench to inioy thy wiſhes;
Here you performe beſt, when you moſt neglect,
The way to daunt, is to out-vie ſuſpect;
Manage theſe principles, but with Art and life,
Welcome all Nations, thou'rt an honeſt wife.

*Hareb.* She puts it home yfaith, ev'n to the quicke.
From her Elaborate action I teach that,
I muſt requite this maid; yfaith i'me forgetfull.

*Wife.* Here Lady, convey my chare unto him in this Jewel,
Againſt you ſee me next, you ſhall perceive
I have profited, in the meane ſeaſon tell him
I am a priſoner yet, a'th maſters ſide:
My husband a jealouſie that maſters him, as he doth maſter
And as a Keeper that locks priſoners up,
Is himſelfe priſon'd under his owne key:
Even ſo my husband in reſtraining me,
With the ſame ward-bars his owne liberty incloſes.

*Curt.* Ile tell him how you wiſh it, and Ile weare
My wits to the third pile, but all ſhall be cleere.

*Wife.* I owe you more then thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

*Curt.* Thinke you ſo Lady? he has ſmall reaſon for't.

*Hareb.* What done ſo ſoone? away, too't againe, too't
againe, good wench, too't againe, leave her not ſo, where
left you? come.

*Curt.* Faith I am weary sir, I cannot draw her from her strict opinion,
With all the arguments that sence can frame.

*Hareb.* No, let me come, Fye wife, you must consent;
What opinion is't, let's heare?

*Curtiz.* Fondly and wilfully she retaines that thought,
That every sinne is damb'd.

*Hareb.* Oh fie, fie, wife! Pea, pea, pea, pea, how have you lost your time? for shame bee converted: there's a diabolicall opinion indeed: that you may thinke that Usury were damb'd: you're a fine merchant yfaith: or bribery? you know the Law well: or sloth? would some of the Cleargy heard you yfaith, or pride? you come at Court: or gluttony? you're not worthy to dine at an Aldermans Table:
Your onely deadly sin's Adultery,
That villanous ring-worme, womans worst requitall;
'Tis onely lechery that's damb'd to'th pit-hole:
Ah, that's an arch offence, believe it squall;
All sinners are veniall but veniall.

*Curtiz.* I've said enough to her.

*Hareb.* And she will be rul'd by you.

*Curtiz.* Fah.

*Hareb.* Ile pawne my credit on't: come hither Lady,
I will not altogether rest ingratefull,
Here, weare this Rubie for thy paines and counsell.

*Curtiz.* It is not so much worth sir, I am a very ill Counsellor truely.

*Hareb.* Goe too I say.

*Curtiz.* Y'are too blame yfaith sir, I shall never deserve it.

*Hareb.* Thou hast don't already: farewell sweet Virgin, prethee let's see thee often.

*Curtiz.* Such guests will soone intreate me.

*Hareb.* Wife, as thou lov'st thy ease soo'n my breast,
Embrace her counsell, yeeld to her advices:
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end,

Thou'lt feele an alteration, prethee thinke on't
mine eyes can soone be satisfi'd.

*Wife.* Keepe in your dew sir, lest when you would, you want it.

*Hareb.* I've pawn'd my credit on't, ye shall dish them know,
The sweete fruit ouer-thou'lt never lose it yet.

*Wife.* 'Tis that I strive to get.

*Hareb.* And still hope so.

*Exeunt.*

## Finis Actus Primus.

## Incipit Actus Secundus.

*Enter Sir Bounteous, with two Knights.*

*First.*

YOu have beene too much like your name Sir *Bounteous.*

*Sir Boun.* Oh not so, good Knight, not so, you know my humour must welcome good Sir *Andrew Peluis* in *Aquitaine Colemart*, most welcome.

*Both.* Thankes good Sir *Bounteous.*

*Exeunt at one doore.*

*As the other, enter in haste Footmen.*

*Foot.* Oh, cry your Worship heartily mercy sir.

*Sir Boun.* How now, linnen Stockins, and threescore mile a day; whose Foot-man are they?

*Foot.*

*Foot.* Pray can you worship tell me, Hoh, hoh, hoh; if my L. be come in yet?

*Sir Boun.* Thy L.? what L.?

*Foot.* My L. *Owe-much* sir.

*Sir Boun.* My L. *Owe-much*? I have heard much speech of that L. a great resorter to the City, that L. has beene much followed.

*Foot.* And is still sir; he wants no company when he's in London, he's free of the *Merchants*, and there's none of them all dare crosse him.

*Sir Boun.* And they did well: time overs new leafe with him, hee would make on all weary out: the end: much good may it do him: I heard of that L. yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him; art sure he will alight here Footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistooke.

*Foot.* Thinkes your Worship so sir, by your leave sir.

*Sir Boun.* Puh; passion of me, Footman, why then I say come backe.

*Foot.* Do's your Worship call?

*Sir Boun.* Come hither I say, I am but afraid on't, would it might happen so well: how dost know I will hee make the house with his great Horse-traine?

*Foot.* No faith da he not sir.

*Sir Boun.* Come hither I say, dar'st speake of a cloth, a gold chamber?

*Foot.* Not one word by my troth sir.

*Sir Boun.* Was there no talke of a faire pare of Organes, a great gilt candlestick, and a paire of silver andirons?

*Foot.* 'Twere sinne to belye my Lord, I heard no such words sir.

*Sir Boun.* A pox confound thee, come againe, puh.

*Foot.* Your Worship will undoe me sir.

*Sir Boun.* Was there no speech of a long dining-roome, a huge lire-pit, large meate, and a broad dresser board?

*Foot.* I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your Worship.

*Sir Bonn.* Who would he name?

*Foot.* Why one Sir *Bountiful Progresse*.

*Sir Bonn.* Ah, a, a; I am that Sir *Bountiful* you regret-sive round-about Rascall.

*Foot.* Laughs at me!

*Sir Bonn.* I know I should have him i'th' end, though not a Lord will misse me, I thanke their good honours 'tis a fortune laid upon me, they can scant our cheere entertainement. I have a kind of complement all gifts given me above ordinary Country Knights, and how come this fools out I warrant ye, there's not one Knight i'th' Shaire able to entertaine a Lord, th' Son of a Lady i'th nicke like me; like me, there's a kind of grace belongs too't a kind of Art which naturally flies from me; I know not on't I promise you, tis gone before I am aware on't; cuds me I forget my self, where are

*Foot.* Does your Worship call?

*Sir Bonn.* Run sirrah, call in my chiefe gentleman i'th Chaine of gold, expedite; and how does my good Lord? I never saw him before in my life, a cup of ballard for this Foot-man;

*Foot.* My Lord has travaild this five years.

*Sir Bonn.* Travaild this five years? how many children has he? some ballard I lay.

*Foot.* No ballard an't please your Worship.

*Sir Bonn.* A cup of Sacke to refresh his wits, the foot-mans a fool: who come's here Master *Gamester*, come hither: I entreate you to matter *Noel* as for one of his Heirs, there's Marriage i'th house.

*Gun.* And Wild-ducke an't please your Worship.

*Sir Bonn.* And Woodcocke an't please thy worship.

*Gun.* And Woodcocke an't please your Worship: I had thought to have spoke before you.

*Sir Bonn.* Remember the Phesant, downe with some Plover, clap downe five Woodcocks, my Lord's comming: now sir.

*Gun.*

*Gun.* And please your Worship there's a Lord and his followers newly alighted.

*Sir Boun.* Dispatch I say, dispatch and where's your musicke? hee's come indeed.

*Enter Folly-wit like a Lord and his Gentlemen.*

*Folly-w.* Footman.

*Folly-w.* Run swiftly with my commendations to Sir *Topas*, we'le ride and visite him a this morning.

*Foot.* Your Lordships charge shall be effected.

*Folly-w.* That Courtly complyment shall present to me Sir *Bounteous Progresse.*

*Sir Boun.* Y'ave found me out my Lord, I cannot hide my Selfe. Your honour is most gratiously welcome, to this

*Folly.* In this forgive me Sir, that being a stranger to your And you, I make my way so bold, and presume Rather upon your kindnesse then acquaintance; Only your honour to protect this Fame hath divulged, and it is not well known

*Sir Boun.* Nay, and your Lordship know my disposition, you know me better then I do my selfe, but to any person, your honour is so much the welcomer for that.

*Folly-w.* Thankes good Sir *Bounteous*.

*Sir Boun.* Pray pardon me, in this bisoterie my ambition my L. both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigall fame that hath past even to the ends of your unbounded worthinesse.

To have wisht your Lordship, where your Lordship is A noble guest in this unworthy feare:

Your Lordship ne're heard my Organs.

*Folly-w.* Heard of 'em Sir *Bounteous*, but never heared 'em.

*Sir Boun.* There but double gilt my L. some hundred and fifty pound will fit your Lordship with such another paire.

*Folly-w.*

*Sir Bount.* O my L. I have a presentation to you.

*Follyw.* To me sir *Bounteous*, this your courtesie, I'le speake at fitter time? for I'me here presented guest you.

*Sir Bount.* Your Lordship has bin a traveller.

*Follyw.* Some fiue yeares sir.

*Sir Bount.* I have a Gentleman my L. I love him; and when I dye, Ile doe somewhat for him: Ile tell your honour the worth of him, a world lad he has bin.

*Follyw.* Indeed sir *Bounteous* he has bin all that my L. I thanke your Lordships acquaintance, since Comick prankes hee has bin guilty of: but like pawne my credit for him; an honest trusty bosome.

*Follyw.* And that's worth all indeed my L. for hee's like to have all when I dye, *Indeed Bounty*, his chin has no more prickles yet then a Mid-wives; there's great hope of his wit his beard's so long a coming. I shall be beholding with your honour, to preferre this towardly Gentleman to hold a plate under your Lordships Cup.

*Follyw.* You wrong both his worth and your bounty; and you call that bolonesse? Ile have heard much good of that yong Gentleman for much the welcomer for his honours sake.

*Sir Bount.* Nay h'as a good wit I assure my L.

*Follyw.* He exclaimed him to me already generously.

*Sir Bount.* Into your eares sir, as the my L. It is carried many things closely I'le assure your Lordship my Will, keepe it above in an Out-landish boxe, the whorish boy must have all: I love him yet: hee shall neere find it as long as I live.

*Folly-w.* Well sir, for your sake, and his owne deserving, Ile reserue a place for him neerest to my secrets.

*Sir Bount.* I understand your good Lordship, you'le make him your Secretary: my mistake, give my L. a taste of his welcome.

*A Banquet plaid by the Consort, Sir Bountie makes Courtly honour to that L. and seemes to foot the time.*

*Sir Boun.* So, how like you the Ayres my Lord? are they choice?

*Fol.* The're seldome such be serv'd in,

*Sir Boun.* The Comfort of mine owne household.

*Fol.* Yes sir.

*Sir Boun.* The Musitians are in Ordinary, yet no ordinary Musitians your Lordship shall hear only Organs now.

*Fol.* Oh I beseech you sir *Bountevil*,

*Sir Boun.* My Organist.

*The Organs play, and cover'd dishes are set over the Songe.*

Come my L. how does your honour relish my Organ?

*Fol.* A very proud Ayre yfaith sir.

*Sir Boun.* Oh, how can't chuse, a Welch man plays upon 'em, and a Welchman blowes wind in their breech. *Exeunt.*

*A song to the Organs.*

*Enter sir Bountevil with Folly, who, and he confers towards his lodging.*

*Sir Boun.* You must pardon us my L. hasty cares, your honour has had ev'n a hunting meale on't: and now I am like to bring your Lordship to a meane a lodging, a hard Downe bed yfaith my L. poore Cambricke sheets, and a Cloth of Tissue Canopy, the Curtaines indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the Prodigall Child in silke and gold, onely the Swine are left out my L. for spoyling the Curtaines.

*Fol.* Twas well prevented sir.

*Sir Boun.* Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venerial dreames to your Lordship.

*Polly-w.* The like to kind *Sir Bountcous.*

*Sir Boun.* Fie, not to me my L. I should, part dreaming of such vanities.

*Polly-w.* Old men should dreame best.

*Sir Boun.* The richest subiects indeed my L. y've gi'n us, to morrow your Lordship shall see my Cockes, my Fish-ponds, my Parke, my Champion grounds, my keepe Champers in my house can shew your lordship some pleasure.

*Fol.* Sir *Bountcous* you ev'n whelme me with deligths.

*Sir Boun.* Once again (musicall knight) to your humour ile trouble your Lordship no more. *Exit.*

*Fol.* Good rest Sir *Bountcous*: so, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits?

*Lieft.* In your Lordships Port-mantua.

*Fol.* Peace Lieftenant.

*Lieft.* I had rather have War, Captaine.

*Fol.* Pub, the play's ripe, come, to the businesse lads: Tho guilt condemnes, 'tis guilt must make us glad.

*Lieft.* Nay, and you be at your distinctions Captaine, ile follow behind no longer.

*Fol.* Get you before then, and whelme your nose with your vizard; goe.

Now Grandsire; you that hold me at hard meat,
And keepe me out at the Dogs end, ile sit you;
Under his Lordships love, all must be mine,
He and his Will confesse, what I take then,
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand:
Ile pay him again when he dyes, in so many blacks,
Ile have the Church hung round with a noble a yard,
Or reprise him in Scutchions; let him trap the
In gold, and Ile lap him in lead; *quid pro quo*:
Must looke none of his Angels in the face forsooth,
Untill his face be not worth looking on: Tut lads,
Let Sires and Grandsires keepe us low, we must
Live when the're flesh, as well as when the're dust. *Exit*

*Enter.*

*Enter Curtizan with her man.*

*Curt.* Goe sirrah, run presently to M. *Penitent Brothel*, you know his lodging, knocke him up, I know he cannot sleepe for sighing; tell him I've happily bethought a meane,
To make his purpose prosper in each limbe,
Which onely rests to be approv'd by him:
Make hast, I know he thirsts for't. *Exeunt.*

*within.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Enter in a masking suite with a vizard in his hand,* *Folly-wit.*

*Folly-w.* Harke, the're at their businesse.

*First.* Theeves, theeves.

*Bal.* Gag that gaping raskall, tho hee bee my Grandsires chiefe Gentleman i'th chaine of gold, ile have no pitty of him: how now lads?

*Enter the rest vizarded.*

*Leift.* All's sure and safe, on with your vizard sir; the servants are all bound.

*Fol.* There's one care past then, come follow me lads, ile lead you now to'th point, and top of all your fortunes; you lodging is my Grandsires.

*Leift.* So, so, lead on, on, on.

*Ant.* Here's a Captaine worth the following, and a wit worth a mans love and admiring!

*Enter with sir Bounteous in his night-gowne.*

*Sir Boun.* Oh gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what Country-men are you?

*Fol.* *Lincolne-shire* men Sir.

*Sir Boun.* I am glad of that yfaith,

*Fol.* And why should you be glad of that?

*Sir Boun.* Oh, the honestest theeves of all come out of *Lincolne-shiere*; the kindest natur'd gentlemen; the'le rob a man with conscience; they have a feeling of what they goe about, and will heale with teares in their eyes: ah pitifull gentlemen.

*Fol.* Push, money, money; we come for money.

*Sir Boun.* Is that all you come for? Ah what a beast was I to put out my money to her day! alas good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray, Rome againe another time.

*Fol.* Tut, tut sir; money.

*Sir Boun.* Oh not too loud sir, you're too shrill a gentleman; I have a L. lyes in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

*Fol.* Who my L. *Owe-much*? we have tooke order with him before hand, he's lyes bound in his bed, and all his followers.

*Sir Boun.* Who my L? bound my L? Alas what did you meane to bind my L? he could keepe his bed well enough without binding: y'ave undone me, I'm already, you need e rob me no farder.

*Fol.* Which is the Key, come?

*Sir Boun.* Ah I perceive now, y'are no true *Lincolne-shiere* spirits, you come rather out of *Bedford-shire*, we cannot lye quiet in our beds for you: so, take enough my Masters; spur a free horse, my name's sir *Bounteous*, a merry world yfaith: what Knight but I keepe open house at midnight? well, there should bee a conscience, if one could hit upon't.

*Fol.* Away now, seaze upon him, bind him.

*Sir Boun.* Is this your Court of equity? why should I be bound for mine owne money? but come, come, binde me, I have need on't; I have bin too liberall to night, keepe in my hands: nay, as hard as you list, I am too good to beare my L. company, you have watcht your time my Masters: I

was

was knighted at *Windsor*, but many of these nights will make me a Knight of *Windsor*; y'ave deserv'd so well my Masters, I bid you all to dinner to morrow, I would I might have your companies, y'faith, I desire no more.

*Fol.* Oh no sir?

*Sir Boun.* Pray meddle not with my Organs, to put 'em out of tune.

*Fol.* Oh no, here's better mulcke sir.

*Sir Boun.* Ah pox feast you. *Exit.*

*Fol.* Dispatch with him, away, to thanke you good Grandsire, this was bounteously done of him y'faith, it came somewhat hard from him at first, for indeed nothing came stiffe from an old man but money; and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon: where's our *Port mantel*.

*Leift.* Here Bully-Captaine.

*Fol.* In with the purchase, 'twill lye safe enough there under's nose I warrant you what, is all sure? *Enter Ancient.*

*Ant.* All's sure Captaine.

*Fol.* You know what followes now, one villaine binds his fellowes; goe, we must be all bound for our owne securities Raskals, there's no dallying upon th point: you conceive me: there is a L. to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers, can you picke out that L. now?

*Leift.* O admirable point!

*Fol.* You ne're plot for your lifeties, so your wants bee satisfied.

*Ant.* But if wee binde one another, how shall the last man be bound?

*Fol.* Poxe on't, Ile have the footman scape.

*Foot.* That's I, I thanke you sir.

*Fol.* The foot-man of all other will be suppos'd to scape, for he comes in no bed all night, but lyes in's cloathes, to be first ready i'th morning: the horse and hee lyes in's litter together, that's the right fashion of your bonny Foot-man: and his freedome will make the better for our purpose, for

we muſt have one i'th morning to unbind the Knight, tha we may have our ſport within our ſelves : we now arrive at the moſt tickliſh point, to rob, and take our eaſe, to bee theeves & lye by't; looke to't lads, it concernes every mans gullet; Ile not have a jeſt ſpoil'd, that's certaine, thoit hazard a winde-pipe : Ile either goe like a L. as I came, or be hang'd like a theefe as I am; and that's my reſolution.

*Lieff.* Troth a match Captaine, of all hands. *Exeunt*

*Enter Curtizan with M. Penitent Brothel.*

*Curtiz.* On M. *Penitent Brothel*,

*M.Pen.* What is't ſweet Lady *Gulman*, that ſo feazes on thee with rapture and admiration?

*Curt.* A thought, a tricke, to make you ſir eſpecially happy, and yet I my ſelfe a ſaver by it.

*M.Pen.* I would embrace that Lady with ſuch courage, I would not leave you on the looſing hand.

*Curt.* I will give truſt to you ſir, the cauſe then why I rais'd you from your bed ſo ſoone; wherein I know ſighs would not let you ſleepe, thus underſtand it:
You love that woman (M. *Harebraines* wife)
Which no inverted meanes can crowne with freedome,
For her deſires and your owne wiſh, but this,
Which in my ſlumbers did preſent it ſelfe.

*M.Pen.* I'me covetous Lady.

*Curtiz.* You know her husband lingring in ſuſpect,
Lockes her from all ſociety, but mine.

*M.Pen.* Moſt true.

*Curt.* I onely am admitted, yet hitherto
That has done you no reall happines; by my admittance,
I cannot performe that deed, that ſhould pleaſe you,
You know: wherefore thus I've convey'd it:
Ile counterfeit a fit of violent ſickneſs.

*M.Pen.* Good.

*Curt.* Nay 'tis not ſo good by my faith, but to doe

you

you good.

*M.Pen.* And in that sense I call'd it, but take mee with you Lady; would it be probable enough to have a sicknes so suddenly violent?

*Curt.* Puh, all the world knowes women are soone downe, we can be sicke when wee have a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfet upon the rumpe of a Larke, and bestow ten pound in Physick upon't; we're likest our selves when we're downe: 'tis the easiest Art and cunning for our sex to counterfeit sicke, that are alwayes full of fits when we are well; for since we were made for a weake imperfect creature, we can fit that best wee are made for: Thus translated, and your selfe slipe into the forme of a Physitian.

*M.Pen.* La Physitian Lady, talke not on't I beseech you, I shall shame the whole Colledge.

*Curt.* Let man, any quacksalving teatmes will serve for this purpose; for I, am pitifully haunted with a brace of elder Brothers, new perfum'd in the first of their fortunes, and I shall presently see how forward their purses will bee to the pleasing of my pallet, and restoring of my health; lay on loade enough upon 'em, and spare 'em not, for the're good plumpe fleshly Asses, and may well enough beare it: let Gold, Ambre, and dissolved Pearle, bee common ingredienees, and that you cannot compose a cullisse without 'em: put but this cunningly in practise, it shall bee both a sufficient recompence for all my paines in your love, and the ready way to make Mistris *Harebraine* (way, by the visiting of mee to your mutuall desired company.

*M.Pen.* I applaud thee, kisse thee, and will constantly embrace it.

*Exeunt.*

*Voyces singing within.*

*Sir Boun.* Ho, Gun-water!

*Fol.* Singlestone!

*Within* Ienkin, wa, ha, ho.

*Within.* Euen.

*Within.* Sir Iocod?

*Fol.* Foot-man? whose

*Foot.* Oh good your worship, let me helpe your good old Worship

*Enter Sir Boun with one halfe unbound, Foot with him.*

*Sir Boun.* Ah poore honest Foot-man, how didst thou scape this massacre?

*Foot.* E'en by a tricke, and lying in my cloathes ha,

*Sir boun.* I thinke so, I would I had lain in my cloathes too Foot-man, so I had scapt 'em: I could haue but rise like a begger then, and so I doe now till my mony come in; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poore Geometricall Foot-man, as that the barbarous villaines should lay violence upon my L. Ah, the bleeding of my L. cuts my heart in two pieces: so, so, 'tis well, I thanke thee, runne to thy fellowes, undoe 'em, undoe 'em, undoe 'em.

*Foot.* Alas, if my L. should miscarry, the're unbound already sir: they have no occupation but sleepe, feede, and fast.

*Sir Boun.* If I bee not asham'd to looke my L. i'th face, I me a Saracen my L.

*Fol.* Who's that?

*Sir Boun.* One may see hee has bin scar'd, a poxe on 'em for their labours.

*Fol.* Lingle-stone!

*Sir Boun.* Single-stone? ile nere answer to that yfaith.

*Fol.* Suchman.

*Sir Boun.* Such man? nor that neither yfaith: I am not brought so low, tho I be old.

*Fol.*

*Fol.* Who's that i'th chamber?

*Sir Boun.* Good morrow my L. 'tis I.

*Fol.* Sir *Bounteous* good morrow, I would give you my hand ſir, but I cannot come at it; is this the courteſie a'th Country ſir *Bounteous*?

*Sir Boun.* Your Lordſhip grieves me more then all my loſſe;
'Tis the unnatural'ſt ſight that can be found,
To ſee a noble gentleman hard bound.

*Fol.* Truſt me, I thought you had beene better belov'd ſir *Bounteous*, but I ſee you have enemies ſir, and your friends fare the worſe for 'em:
I like your talke better then your lodging;
I ne're lay harder in a bed of Downe; I have had a mad nights reſt on't: can you not geſſe what they ſhould bee ſir *Bounteous*?

*Sir Boun.* Faith *Lincolne-ſhiere* men my Lord.

*Fol.* How? fie, fie, beleeve it not ſir, theſe lye not far off I warrant you.

*Sir Boun.* Thinke you ſo my Lord?

*Fol.* Ile bee burnt and they dee, ſome that uſe to your houſe ſir, and are familiar with all the conveiances.

*Sir Boun.* This is the commodity of keeping open houſe my Lord, that makes ſo many ſhut their doores about dinner time.

*Fol.* They were reſolute villaines, I made my ſelfe knowne to 'em, told 'em what I was; gave 'em my honorable word not to diſcloſe 'em.

*Sir Boun.* O ſawcy unmannerly villaines!

*Fol.* And thinke you the ſlaves would truſt mee upon my word?

*Sir Boun.* They would not?

*Fol.* Forſooth no, I muſt pardon 'em, they told mee Lords promiſes were mortall, and commonly dye within halfe an houre after they are ſpoken: they were but griſtles, and not one amongſt a hundred come to any full growth, or perfection, and therefore they were loth to enter into bond.

*Sir Boun.* Insupportable Rascalls.

*Fol.* Troth i'me of that mind Sir *Bounteous*, you far'd the worse for my comming hither.

*Sir Boun.* Ah good my Lord, but i'me sure your Lordship far'd the worse.

*Fol.* Pray pitty not me sir.

*Sir Boun.* Is not your honour sore about the brawne of the arme? a murren meese 'em, I feele it.

*Fol.* About this place Sir *Bounteous*?

*Sir Boun.* You feele as it were a twinge my Lord?

*Fol.* I, ê'n a twinge, you say right.

*Sir Boun.* A pose discover 'em, that twinge I feele too.

*Fol.* But that which disturbs mee most, Sir *Bounteous* lyes heere.

*Sir Boun.* True, about the wrist; a kind of Tumid numnes.

*Fol.* You say true sir.

*Sir Boun.* The reason of that my Lord is, the pulses had no play.

*Fol.* Masse so I gest it.

*Sir Boun.* A mischiefe swell 'em, for I feele that too.

*Lieft.* Sli'd here's a house haunted indeed.

*Sir Boun.* A word with you sir.

*Fol.* How now Singlestone?

*Lieft.* I'me sorry my Lord your worship has lost.

*Sir Boun.* Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup.

*Fol.* What have I lost? speake?

*Sir Boun.* A good nights sleepe say.

*Fol.* Speake, what have I lost I say?

*Lieft.* A good nights sleepe my Lord, nothing else.

*Fol.* That's true, my cloath's come. *Curtaines drawn.*

*Lieft.* My Lords cloth's, his honour's rising.

*Sir Boun.* Hist, well said, come hither, what has my Lord lost? tell me, speake softly?

*Lieft.* His Lordship must know that sir.

*Sir Boun.* Hush, prethee tell me.

*Lieft.* 'Twill doe you no pleasure to know't sir.

*Sir Boun.*

*Sir Boun.* Yet againe? I deſire it I ſay.

*Lieft.* Since your worſhip will needs know't, they have ſtolne away a jewell in a blew ſilke riband of a hundred pound price, beſide ſome hundred pounds in a faire Spur-Royals.

*Sir Boun.* That's ſome two hundred i'th totall.

*Lieft.* Your Worſhip's much about it ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Come follow me, ile make that whole againe in ſo much money, let not my Lord know on't.

*Lieft.* Oh pardon me Sir *Bounteous*, that were a diſhonour to my Lord, ſhould it come to his eare, I ſhould hazard my undoing by it.

*Sir Boun.* How ſhould it come to his eare? if you be my Lords chiefe man about him, I hope you doe not uſe to ſpeake, unleſſe you be paid for't; and I had rather give you a Counſellors double Fee to hold your peace: come, goe too, follow me I ſay.

*Lieft.* There will be ſcarce time to tell it ſir, my Lord will away inſtantly.

*Sir Boun.* His honour ſhall ſtay dinner by his leave, ile prevaile with him ſo far; and now I remember a jeſt: I had the whoreſon theeves to dinner laſt night, I would I might have their companies, a poxe poiſen 'em. *Exit.*

*Lieft.* Faith and you are like to have no other gueſſe Sir *Bounteous*, if you have none but us, Ile give you that gift yfaith.

*A Song, ſung by the muſitians, and after the Song, a Country dance, by the Actors in their Vizards to a new footing.* *Exeunt.*

## *Finis Actus Secundus.*

## Incipit Actus Tertius.

*Enter Master Harebraine with two elder Brothers, Master Ineſſe, and Master Poſſibility.*

*Poſſibi.*
YOu ſee bold guests Master *Hareb.*

*Hareb.* You'r kindly welcome to my house; good Master *Ineſſe*, and Master *Poſſibility*.

*Ineſſe.* That's our preſumption Sir.

*Hareb. Raſe?*

*Raſe.* Here Sir.

*Hareb.* Call downe your Miſtris to welcome theſe two Gentlemen my friends.

*Raſe.* I ſhall Sir. *Exit.*

*Hareb.* I will obſerve her carriage, and watch
The ſlippery revolutions of her eye;
Ile lye in waite for every glance ſhe gives,
And poyze her words i'th ballance of ſuſpect:
If ſhe but ſwag ſhe's gone, either on this hand
Over familiar, or this too neglectfull,
It does behove her carry her ſelfe even.

*Poſſibi:* But Master *Harebraine*.

*Hareb.* True, I heare you ſir; wa'ſt you ſaid?

*Poſſibi.* I have not ſpoke it yet ſir.

*Hareb.* Right, ſo I ſay.

*Poſſibi.* Is it not ſtrange, that in ſo ſhort a time, my little Lady

Lady *Gulman* ſhould be ſo violently handled?

*Hareb.* Oh, ſicknes has no mercy ſir,
It neither pitties Ladies lip, nor eye;
It crops the Roſe out of the Virgins cheeke,
And ſo deflowers her that was ne're deflowr'd;
Fooles then are maides to locke from men that treaſure,
Which death will plucke, and never yeeld 'em pleaſure.
Ah gentlemen, tho I ſhadow it, that ſweet Virgins ſicknes grieves me not lightly, ſhe was my wives onely delight and company:
Did you not heare her gentlemen, i'th midſt
Of her extreameſt fit, ſtill how ſhe cald upon my wife,
Remembred ſtill my wife, ſweet miſtris *Harebraine*,
When ſhe ſent for me, a one ſide of her bed ſtood the Phyſitian, the Scrivener on the other; two horrible objects, but meere oppoſites in the courſe of their lives, for the Scrivener bindes folkes, and the Phyſitian makes them looſe.

*Poſſ.* But not looſe of their bonds ſir.

*Hareb.* No by my faith ſir, I ſay not ſo; if the Phyſitian could make 'em looſe of their bonds, there's many a one would take Phyſick, that dares not now for poyſoning, but as I was telling of you, her Will was faſhioning,
Wherein I found her beſt and richeſt jewell,
Given as a Legacy unto my wife:
When I read that, I could not refraine weeping; well, of all other, my wife has moſt reaſon to viſite her, if ſhee have any good nature in her, ſhee'le ſhew it there, now ſir where's your miſtris?

*Rafe.* She deſires you, and the gentlemen your friends, to hold her excuſed, ſha's a fit of an Ague now upon her, which begins to ſhake her.

*Hareb.* Where does it ſhake her moſt?

*Rafe.* All over her body ſir.

*Hareb.* Shake all her body? 'tis a faucy fit. I'me jealous of that Ague, pray walke in gentlemen, ile ſee you inſtantly.

*Rafe.* Now they are abſent ſir, 'tis no ſuch thing.

*Harib.* What?

*Raſe.* My miſtris his her health ſir,
But 'tis her ſute, ſhe may confine her ſelfe
From ſight of all men, but your owne deare ſelfe ſir;
For ſince the ſickneſſe of that modeſt Virgin
Her onely company, ſhe delights in none.

*Hareb.* No; viſit her againe, commend me to her,
Tell her they're gone, and onely I my ſelfe
Walke here to exchange a word or two with her.

*Raph.* Ile tell her ſo ſir. *Exit.*

*Hareb.* Foole that I am, and mad man, beaſt! what worſe?
Suſpicious o're a creature that deſerves
The beſt opinion, and the pureſt thought;
Watchfull o're her that is her Watch her ſelfe,
To doubt her wayes, that lookes too narrowly
Into her owne defects: I, fooliſh-fearefull
Have often rudely, out of giddy flames
Bard her thoſe objects which ſhe ſhuns her ſelfe:
Thrice i've had proofe of her moſt conſtant temper,
Come I at unawares by ſtealth upon her,
I find her circled in with Divine Writs
Of heavenly meditations; here and there
Chapters with leaves tuckt up, which when I ſee
They either taxe my pride, or adultery:
Ah let me curſe my ſelfe, that could be jealous
Of her, whoſe mind no ſin can make rebellious.
And here the unmatched comes, now wife yfaith they'r gon;
Puſh, ſee how fearefull I'tis, will you not credit me?
They're gon yfaith; why, thinke you ile betray you? come,
come; thy delight and mine thy onely vertuous friend, thy
ſweet inſtructreſſe is violently taken, grievous ſicke, and
which is worſe, ſhe mends not.

*Wife.* Her friends are ſorry for that ſir.

*Hareb.* She cals ſtill upon thee; poore ſoule, remembers
thee ſtill: thy name whirles in her breath, where's Miſtris
*Harebraine* ſayes ſhe?

*Wife.*

*Wife.* Alas good ſoule.

*Hareb.* She made me weepe thrice, ſhe'as put thee in a jewell in her Will.

*Wife.* Eu'n tot'h laſt gaſpe a kind ſoule.

*Hareb.* Take my man, goe, viſit her. (her.

*Wife* Pray pardon me ſir, alas my viſitation cannot helpe

*Hareb.* Oh yet the kindnes of a thing wife; ſtill ſhee holds the ſame rare temper; take my man I ſay.

*Wife.* I would not take your man ſir, tho I did purpoſe going.

*Hareb.* No? thy reaſon?

*Wife.* The worlds condition is it ſelfe ſo vild Sir,
'Tis apt to judge the worſt, of thoſe deſerve not;
'Tis an ill-thinking age, and does apply
All to the forme of it owne Luxury:
This cenſure flyes from one, that, from another,
That man's her Squire, ſayes he; her Pimpe, the tother,
Shee's of the ſtampe, a third, fourth, I ha knowne her:
I've heard this, not without a burning cheeke:
Then our attires are taxt, our very gate
Is cal'd in queſtion, where a husbands preſence
Scatters ſuch thoughts, or makes 'em ſinke for feare
Into the hearts that bred 'em: nay ſurely if I went ſir,
I would entreat your company.

*Hareb.* Mine? prethee wife, I have bin there already.

*Wife.* That's all one; altho you bring me but to'th doore Sir, I would entreat no farther.

*Hareb.* Thou'rt ſuch a wife; why I will bring thee thither then, but not goe up I ſweare.

*Wife.* Yfaith you ſhall not, I doe not deſire it ſir.

*Hareb.* Why then content.

*Wife.* Give me your hand, you will doe ſo ſir.

*Hareb.* Why there's my lip I will.

*Wife.* Why then I goe ſir.

*Hareb.* With me or no man, incomparable ſuch a woman.

*Exeunt.*

*Violl.*

*Viols, Galipots, Plate, and an Houre-glasse by her. The Curtizan on a bed, for her counterfeit fit. To her, Master Penitent Brothel, like a Doctor of Physicke.*

*M.Pen.* Lady?

*Curt.* Ha, what newes?

*M.Pen.* There's one Sir *Bounteous Progresse* newly alighted from his Foot-cloth, and his Mare waites at doore, as the fashion is.

*Curt.* Sli'd, 'tis the Knight that privately maintaines mee, a little short-olde-spinye Gentleman, in a great Dublet.

*M.Pen.* The same, I know 'em.

*Curt.* Hee's my sole Revenew, meate, drinke, and rayment; my good Physitian worke upon him, i'me weake.

*M.Pen.* Ynough.

*Sir Boun.* Why, where be these Ladies? these plumpe soft delicate creatures? ha?

*M.Pen.* Who would you visit sir?

*Sir Boun.* Visit, who? what are you with the plague in Your mouth.

*M.Pen.* A Physitian sir.

*Sir Boun.* Then you are a loose liver Sir; I have put you to your purgation.

*M.Pen.* But you neede none, you're purg'd in a worse fashion.

*Curt.* Ah, Sir *Bounteous*.

*Sir Boun.* How now? what art thou?

*Curt.* Sweet Sir *Bounteous*.

*Sir Boun.* Fashion of me, what an alteration's here? *Rosamond* sicke old *Harry*? there's a sight able to make an old man shrinke, I was lusty when I came in; but I am downe now yfaith, morality, yea? this puts me in mind of a hole seaven foot deepe, my grave, my grave, my grave: hist, master Doctor a word sir, harke, 'tis not the Plague? ist?

*M.Pen.*

*M.Pen.* The plague sir, no? *Sir Boun.* Good.

*M.Pen.* He'e re askes whether it bee the Poxe or no, and of the twaine that had bin more likely.

*Sir Boun.* How now my wench, how dost?

*Curt.* Hub, weake Knight, huh.

*M.Pen.* She sayes true, hee's a weake Knight indeed.

*Sir Boun.* Where does it hold thee most, wench?

*Curt.* All parts alike sir.

*M.Pen.* She sayes true still, for it holds her in none.

*Sir Boun.* Harke'e, thine eare, thou'rt breeding of yong bones, I am afraid I have got thee with child yfaith.

*Curt.* I feare that much sir.

*Sir Boun.* Oh, oh if it should, a yong *Progresse* when al's done.

*Curt.* You have done your good will sir.

*Sir Boun.* I see by her, 'tis nothing but a surfeit of *Venus* yfaith, and tho I be old, I have gin't her, but since I had the power to make thee sicke, ile have the purse to make thee whole, that's certaine: master Doctor.

*M.Pen.* Sir.

*Sir Boun.* Let's heare I pray, what it you minister to her?

*M.Pen.* Marry sir, some precious cordiall, some softy refocillation, a composure comfortable and restorative.

*Sir Boun.* I, I, that, that.

*M.Pen.* No purer ingredience then the liquid of Ambrall, cleere Amber, or Succinum, Vnicornes horne sixe graines, Magisterium, Perlarum one scruple.

*Sir Boun.* Ah, hah.

*M.Pen. Ossis de Corde Cervi* halfe a scruple, *Aurum potabile* or his tincture.

*Sir Boun.* Very precious sir.

*M.Pen.* All which being finely contunded, and mixed in a stone or glasse morter, with the spirit of Diambre.

*Sir Boun.* Nay pray be patient sir.

*M.Pen.* That's impossible, I cannot bee Patient, and a

Physitian too sir.

*Sir Boun.* Oh, cry you mercy, that's true sir.

*M.Pen.* All which aforesaid,

*Sir Boun.* I, there you left sir.

*M. Pen.* When it is almost exficcated or dry, I adde thereto *olei Succini, olei Musi, & Sinamomi.*

*Sir Boun.* So sir, *olei Musi*, that same oyle of Mace is a great comfort to both the Counters.

*M.Pen.* And has bin of a long time sir.

*Sir Boun.* Well, be of good cheere wench, there's gold for thee; huh, let the nunne for nothing M. Doctor, a poore kinswoman of mine, nature binds me to have a care of her, there I guld you M. Doctor: gather up a good spirit wench, the fit will away, 'tis but a surfeit of gristles: ha, ha, I have fitted her, an old Knight and a coelia'th game still, there's nothing for nothing *Hoc*.

*M.Pen.* No by my faith, she'l tell, they lose on an Angel but.

*Sir Boun.* Looke to her good M. Doctor, let her want nothing, i've given her enough already, Ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

*Curt.* So, is he gone?

*M.Pen.* Hee's like himselfe gone.

*Curt.* Here's somewhat to set up with; how soone hee tooke occasion to slip into his owne flattery, soothing his owne defects; he onely feares he has done that deed, which I ne're fear'd to come from him in my life, this purchase came unlook't for.

*M.Pen.* H'ist, the paire of fonies and heires.

*Curt.* Oh, the're welcome, they bring money.

*Enter M. Inesse and Possibility.*

*Poss.* M. Doctor.

*M. Pen.* I come to you gentleman.

*Poss.* How does she now?

*M.Pen.* Faith much after one fashion sir.

*Inesse.* There's hope of life sir.

M.Pen.

*M.Pen.* I ſee no ſignes of death in her.

*M.Poſſ.* That's ſome comfort; will ſhe take any thing yet?

*M.Pen.* Yes, yes, yes; ſhe'le take ſtill: ſh'as a kind of facility in taking: how comes your hand bloody ſir?

*Ineſſ.* You may ſee I met with a ſcab ſir.

*M.Pen.* *Diverſa genera Scabierum*, as *Pliny* reports, there are divers kind of Scabs.

*Ineſſ.* Pray let's heare 'em ſir.

*M.Pen.* An itching ſcab, that is your harlot; a ſore ſcab, your Uſurer; a running ſcab, your Promooter; a broad ſcab, your intelligencer; but a white ſcab, that's a ſcald knave and a Pandar: but to ſpeake truth, the onely ſcabs we are now adaies troubled withall, are new Officers and Projectors.

*Ineſſ.* Why now you come to mine ſir, for ile be ſworne one of them was very buſie about my head this morning, and hee ſhould be a ſcab by that, for they are ambitious and covet the head.

*M.Pen.* Why you ſaw I deriv'd him ſir?

*Ineſſ.* You Phyſitians are mad gentlemen.

*M.Pen.* We Phyſitians ſee the moſt ſights of any men living, you're Aſtronomers looke upward into'th aire, wee looke downeward into the body, and indeed we have power upward and downeward.

*Ineſſ.* That you have yfaith ſir.

*Poſſ.* Lady, how cheere you now?

*Curtiz.* The ſame woman ſtill, huh.

*Poſſ.* That's not good.

*Curtiz.* Little alteration, Fye, fye, you have bin to latiſh gentlemen.

*Ineſſ.* Puh, talke not of that Lady, thy health is worth a milion; here M. Doctor, ſpare for no coſt.

*Poſſ.* Looke what you find there ſir.

*Curtiz.* What doe you meane gentlemen, put up, put up; you ſee I'me downe and cannot ſtrive with you, I would rule you elſe: you have me at advantage, but if ever I live, I will requite it deepely.

*Poss.* Tut an't come to thabonick, we'le requite our selves well enough.

*Poss.* Mist. *Harebraine*, Lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

*Curtiz.* Hah, huh.

*M. Pen.* There struck the minute that brings forth the birth of all my joyes and wishes: but see the jar's no more, how shall I rid these from her?

*Curtiz.* Pray gentleman, stay not above an houre from my sight.

*Iness.* S'foot we are not going Lady.

*M. Pen.* Subtilly brought about, yet 'twill not doe, the'le sticke by't, a word with you gentlemen.

*Both.* What saies M. Doctor?

*M. Pen.* She wants but setling of her sense with rest, one houres sleepe gentlemen will set all parts in tune.

*Poss.* Honest true y faith.

*Iness.* Get her to sleepe M. Doctor, wee'le both sit heere and watch by her.

*M. Pen.* Hels Angels watch you, no Art can prevaile with em; what with the thought of joyes, and sight of crosses, my wits are at *Hercules pillars*, *sub plus ultra*.

*Curt.* M. Doctor, M. Doctor?

*M. Pen.* Here Lady.

*Curtiz.* Your physicke workes, lend me your hand.

*Poss.* Farewell sweet Lady.

*Iness.* Adue M. Doctor.

*Curtiz.* So.

*M. Pen.* Let me admire thee,
The wit of man, waves and decreases soone;
But womens wit is ever at full moone. *Enter Miss. Harebr.*
There shot a star from heaven,
I dare not yet behold my happinesse.
The splendor is so glorious and so piercing.

*Curt.* Mist ris *Harebraine*, give my wit thankes hereafter, your wishes are in sight, your opportunity precious.

*Iness.* Will you but heare a word sir, one?

*Curtis.* Whooh——

*Wife.* My husband himſelfe brought mee to'th doore, walkes below for my returne; Iealouſie is prick-ear'd, and will heare the waging of a haire.

*Curtis.* Pish, y'are a faint liver, truſt your ſelfe wich your pleaſure, and me with your ſecurity, goe.

*M. Pen.* The falneſſe of my wife.

*Wife.* Of my deſire.

*M. Pen.* Beyond this ſphere I never will aſpire. *Exeunt.*

*Enter M. Harebraine liſtening.*

*Hareb.* Ile liſten, now the fleſh drawes nie her end,
At ſuch a time women exchange their ſecrets,
And ranſack the cloſe corners of their hearts;
What many yeares hath whelm'd, this houre imparts.

*Curt.* Pray ſit downe, there's a low ſtoole, good Miſtris *Harebraine*, this was kindly done, huh, give me your hand; huh, alas how cold you are: ev'n ſo is your husband, that worthy wiſe gentleman, as comfortable a man to woman in my caſe, as ever trod--huh--ſhooe-leathes: love him, honour him, ſticke by him; he lets you want nothing that's fit for a woman: and to be ſure on't, he will ſee himſelfe that you want it not.

*Hareb.* And ſo I doe yfaith, 'tis right my humour.

*Curt.* You live a Ladies life with him, goe where you will, ride when you will, and doe what you will.

*Hareb.* Not ſo, not ſo neither; ſhe's better looke to.

*Curt.* I know you doe, you need not tell me that; 'twere ee'n pitty of your life yfaith, if ever you ſhould wrong ſuch an innocent gentleman; fie Miſtris *Harebraine*, what doe you meane? come you to diſcomfort mee? nothing but weeping with you?

*Hareb.* Shee's weeping, t'as made her weepe: my wife ſhewes her good nature already.

*Curt.* Still, ſtill weeping? huff, huff, huff, why how now

woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame leave; sih, sih, she cannot answer me for sobbing.

*Hareb.* All this does her good, beshrew my heart and I pitty her, let her shed teares till morning; ile stay for her, shee shall have enough on't by my good will, ile not be her hinderance.

*Curt.* O no, lay your hand on heere Mistris *Harebraine*: I there, Oh there, there lyes my paine good gentlewoman: sore? Oh I, I can scarce endure your hand uppon't.

*Hareb.* Poore soule, how she's tormented.

*Curtiz.* Yes, yes, I eate a Cullisse an houre since.

*Hareb.* There's some comfort in that yet, shee may scape it.

*Curt.* Oh it lyes about my heart much.

*Hareb.* I'me glad of that yfaith, she'le hardly scape it.

*Curt.* Bound, no, no, I'de a very comfortable stoole this morning.

*Hareb.* I'me glad of that yfaith, that's a good signe. I smell, she'le scape it now.

*Curt.* Will you be going then?

*Hareb.* Fall backe, she's comming.

*Curt.* Thankes good Mistris *Harebraine*, welcome sweet Mistris *Harebraine*, pray commend mee to the good gentleman your husband.

*Hareb.* I could doe that my selfe now.

*Curt.* And to my uncle Winchcombe, and to my Ant Lipsalve, and to my cozen Falsetop, and to my cozen Lickit, and to my cozen Horseman; and to all my good cozens in *Clerkenwell*, and Saint *Ionesses*.

*Enter wife with Master Penitent.*

*Wife.* At three dayes end my husband takes a journey.

*M. Pen.* Oh thence I derive a second meeting.

*Wife.* May it prosper still,
Till then I rest a captive to his will:
Once agen health, rest, and strength to thee sweet Lady: farewell,

farewell, you witty squall; good M. Doctor have a care to her body if you stand her friend, I know you can doe her good.

*Cure.* Take pitty of your waiter, goe: farewell sweete Mistris *Harebraine.*

*Hareb.* Welcome sweet wife, alight upon my lip; never was houre spent better.

*Wife.* Why, were you within the hearing sir?

*Hareb.* I that I was yfaith, to my great comfort, I deceiv'd you there wife, ha, I doe intreat thee, nay conjure thee wife Upon my love, to what can more be said? Oftner to visit this sicke vertuous maid.

*Wife.* Be not so fierce, your will shall be obey'd.

*Hareb.* Why then I see thou lou'st me. *Exeunt.*

*Mother Red-Cap. Art of Ladies.*

When plots are ee'n put hope, and hang their head,
Set with a womans hand they thrive and spread. *Exit.*

*Enter Folly-wit, and Lieftenant Maw-worme Antient Hobby, and the rest of his consorts.*

*Folly-w.* Wast not well manag'd, you necessary mischiefs? did the plot want either life or Art?

*Left.* 'Twas so well Captaine, I would you could make such another Musse at all adventures.

*Folly-w.* Dost cal't a Musse? I am sure my Grandsire ne're got his money worse in his life, then I got it from him, if ever hee did cozen the simple; why I was borne to revenge their quarrell; if ever oppresse the widow? I, a fatherlesse child have done as much for him; and so 'tis through the world either in jest, or earnest; let the Usurer looke for't, for craft recoyles in the end, like an over-charged Musket, and maymes the very hand that put fire too't; there needs no more but a Usurers owne blow to strike him

him from hence to hell, 'twill set him forward with a vengeance; but here lay the jeſt whoreſons, my Grandſire thinking in his conſcience that wee had not rob'd him ynough o're night, muſt needs pity mee i'th morning, and give me the reſt.

*Lieft.* Two hundred pounds in faire Roſe-Nobles I proteſt.

*Folly-w.* Puſh, I knew hee could not ſleepe quietly till hee had paid me for robbing of him too, 'tis his humour, and the humour of moſt of your rich men in the courſe of their lives; for you know, they alwaies feed their mouthes that are leaſt needy, and give them more that have too much already; and what call you that, but robbing of themſelves a Courtlier way?

*Lieft.* Cuds me, how now Captaine?

*Folly-w.* A cold fit that comes oft'ner to my memory, and has a ſhroud pull at my fortunes.

*Lieft.* What's that ſir?

*Folly-w.* It is for certaine Lieftenant, that my Grandſire kept an uncertaine creature at Queene?

*Leift.* I that's too true ſir.

*Folly-w.* So much the more prepoſterous for me, I ſhall hop ſhorter by that tricke; ſhe carries away the thirds at leaſt: 'twill prove entayld land I am afraid when all's done, yfaith nay, I have knowne a virtuous old thoughtacting Father, dumb'd only in his dreames, thirſting for gaine (When his beſt parts hung downe their heads for ſhame,) For his blancht harlot diſpoſeſſe his Son, And make the poore his heire, 'twas gravely done: How had'ſt thou firſt knowledge on't Lieftenant?

*Leift.* Faith from diſcourſe, yet all the policy That I could uſe, I could not get her hand.

*Fo.* Dull ſlave that ne're could'ſt ſpy it.

*Lieft.* But the manner of her comming was deſcrib'd to mee.

*Fo.* How is the manner prethee?

*Lieft.*

*Lieft.* Marry sir she comes, most commonly Coacht.

*Folly-w.* Most commonly Coacht indeed; for Coaches are as common now adayes, as some that ride in 'em; she comes most commonly Coacht. (Pimps,

*Leift.* True, there I left sir; guarded with some leash of

*Folly-w.* Beside the Coach-man?

*Lieft.* Right sir; then alighting, shee's privately receiv'd by matter *Gum-water*.

*Folly-w.* That's my Grandsires chiefe Gentleman i'th chaine of gold, that hee should live to be a Pander, and yet looke upon his chaine and his velvet jacket.

*Leift.* Then is your Grandsire rounded i'th eare, the Key given after the *Italian* fashion, backward, shee closly conveyd into his Closet, there remaining, till either opportunity smile upon his credit, or he send downe some hot caudle to take order in his performance.

*Folly-w.* Peace, 'tis mine owne yfaith, I haa't t'

*Leift.* How how Sir?

*Fol.* Thankes, thankes to any spirit,
That mingled it 'mongst my inventions.

*Ant.* Why matter *Folly-wit?*

*All.* Captaine?

*Fol.* Give me leope and leare me,
I have begot that meanes which will both furnish me,
And make that queane walke under his conceit.

*Lieft.* That were double happinesse, to put thy selfe into money, and her out of favour.

*Fol.* And all at one dealing?

*Ant.* S'foot I long to see that hand plaid.

*Fol.* And thou shalt see't quickly yfaith; nay 'tis in graine, I warrant it hold colour: Leiftenant, step behind yon hanging; if I mistooke not at my entrance; there hangs the lower part of a gentlewomans gowne, with a masko and a chin-clout; bring all this way: Nay, but doo't cunningly now, 'tis a friends house, and I'de faine keepe there's a taste for you.

*Ant.* But prethee what wilt thou doe with a Gentlewomans lower part?

*Fol.* Why use it.

*Ant.* Y'ave answered me indeed in that, I can demand no farder.

*Fol.* Well said Lieftenant.

*Lieft.* What will you doe now sir?

*Fol.* Come, come; thou shalt see a woman quickly made up here.

*Lieft.* But that's against a kind Captaine, for they are alwayes long a making ready.

*Fol.* And is not most, they doe against kind I prethee? so lye with their Horse-keeper, is not that against kind? so weare Periwigs made of anothers haire, is not that against kind? to drinke downe a man, thee that should set him up; pray is not that monstrously against kind now? nay over with it Lieftenant, over with it, even while you live put a womans cloaths over her head; *Cupid* playes best at blind-man buffe.

*Lieft.* You shall have your will maintayned, I love mad trickes as well as you for your heart sir, but what shift will you make for upper bodies Captaine?

*Fol.* I see now thou'rt an Asse, why i'me ready.

*Lieft.* Ready?

*Fol.* Why the Doublet serves as well as the best, and is most in fashion, were all Male tot'h middle, mankind from the Beaver to'th Bum, 'tis an *Amazonian* time, you shall have women shortly tread their husbands; I should have a couple of Lockes behind, prethee Lieutenant find 'em out for me, and wind 'em about my hat band, nay, you shall see wee'l be in fashion too, haire, and become with all prohibit you, the most mosty-visage Criticke shall not except against me.

*Lieft.* Nay ile give thee thy due behind thy backe, thou art as mad a peice of Clay——

*Fol.* Clay? dost call thy Captaine Clay? indeed clay was made

made to ſtop holes, he ſayes true: did not I tell you raſcalls you ſhould ſee a woman quickly made up?

*Antient.* Ile ſweare for't Captaine.

*Fol.* Come, come, my maske and my chin-clout: come into'th Court.

*Lieft.* Nay they were both i'th Court long agoe ſir.

*Fol.* Let me ſee, where I ſhall chuſe two or three for Pimps now? but *I* cannot chuſe amiſſe amongſt you all, that's the beſt ; well, as I am a Quean, you were beſt to have a care of mee, and guard mee ſure; I give you warning before hand, 'tis a Monkey-tayl'd Age. Life, you ſhall goe nye to have halfe a dozen blythe fellowes ſurprize mee cowardly, carry me away with a payre of owers, and put in at putney.

*Lieft.* We ſhould laugh at that ſtraith.

*Fol.* Or ſhoote in uppo'th coaſt of Cue,

*Lieft.* Two notable fit landing places for Leachers, *P.* and *C.* Putney and Cue.

*Fol.* Well, ſay you have faire warning on't; the haire about the Hat is as good as a flag uppo'th pole at a common Play-houſe to waft company, and a Chin-cloute is of that powerfull attraction I can tell you, 'twill draw more Linnen-coate.

*Lieft.* Feare not us Captaine, there's none heere but can fight for a Whoore as well as ſome Innes a Court-man?

*Fol.* Why then fet forward; and as you ſcorne two ſhillings Brothell, twelve-penny Pandariſme, and ſuch baſe bribes, Guard mee from bonny Scribs, and bony Scribes, and bony tags.

*Lieft.* Hang 'em, penſions, and allowances, foure pence halfe penny a meale, hang 'em. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Tertius.*

# Incipit Actus Quartus.

*Enter in his Chamber one of his Pupils, Master Penitent Onely-ill, a Booke in his hand reading.*

*Mast. Pen.*

HA? reade that place agen, — Adultery
Drawes the Divorce twixt heaven and the soule!
Accurſed man that ſtandſt divorc'd from heaven,
Thou wretched unthrift, that haſt plaid away
Thy Eternall portion at a minutes game,
To pleaſe the fleſh, haſt plotted out thy name
Where were thy nobler meditations buſied
That they duſtſt erect this body with it ſelfe?
This mortall drunkard that undoes us all,
And makes our ſhame apparent in our fall.
Then let my blood pay for't, and vexe and boyle
My ſoule I know would never grieve to'th death,
The Eternall ſpirit that feeds her with his breath:
Nay I that knew the price of life and ſin,
What Crowne is kept for continence, what for luſt:
The end of man, and glory of that end,
As endleſſe as the giver:
To doate on weakenes, ſlime, corruption, woman:
What is ſhe, tooke aſunder from her cloaths?
Being ready, ſhe conſiſts of hundred peeces;
Much like your *German* Clocke, and ne're ally'd
Both are ſo nice, they cannot goe for pride.

Beſide

Beside a greater fault, but too well knowne,
They'le strike to ten when they should stop at one;
Within these three daies the next meeting's fixt,
If I meet then, hell and my soule be mixt.
My lodging I know constantly, she not knowes;
Sins hate is the best gift that sin bestowes:
Ile ne're embrace her more,—never—better witnesse, never.

*Enter the Divell in her shape, skip him on the shoulders.*

*Succubus.* What at a stand? the fitter for my company?

*M. Pen.* Celestiall Souldiers guard me.

*Succubus.* How now man? Lasse did the quicknes of my presence fright thee?

*M. Pen.* Shield me you Ministers of faith and grace.

*Succubus.* Leave, leave; are you not asham'd to use such words to a woman?

*M. Pen.* Thou'rt a Divell!

*Suc.* A divell? feele, feele man, has a divell flesh and bone?

*M. Pen.* I doe conjure thee by that dreadfull power

*Suc.* The man has a delight to make me tremble.
Are these the fruits of thy adventurous Love?
Was I entis'd for this? to be soone rejected?
Come, what has chang'd thee so, Delight?

*M. Pen.* Away.

*Suc.* Remember——

*M. Pen.* Leave my sight.

*Suc.* Have I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which when I come I finde thee shunning?
Rowze thy amorous thoughts and twine me;
All my interest I resigne thee:
Shall we let slip this mutuall houre,
Comes so seldome in her power?
Where's thy lip, thy slip, thy sadome?
Had women such loves, would'nt not mad 'em?
Art a man? or dost abuse me?

A Love I and knowst not how to use one?
Come ile teach thee.
*M.Pen.* Doe not follow.
*Succubus.* Once so fame and now so hollow?
When was place and season sweeter?
Thy bliſſe in ſight and darſt not meete her?
Where's thy courage, youth, and vigour?
Loves beſt pleas'd when's fear'd with rigour:
Seare me then with veines moſt cheerfull,
Women love no fleſh that's fearfull;
'Tis but a fit, come drinke it away,
And dance and ſing, and kiſſe and play. Fa le la;
Iumbe la; Fa le la, le la la; Fa le la, fa la le,
La le la.
*M.Pen.* Thy hand not hot.
*Succu.* Fa le la; fa le la, fa la la loh.
*M.Pen.* Fury.
*Succu.* Fa le la, fa le la; fa le la loh.
*M.Pen.* Divell! I doe conjure thee once againe,
By that foule quaking thunder to depart,
And leave this Chamber, free'd from thy damb'd Art.
*Succu.* Stampe——
*M.Pen.* It has prevail'd——Oh my fire ſhaking ſinewes!
What ſhould I think be? *Ieſper*, why *Ieſper*.
*Ieſper.* Sir! how now? what has diſturb'd you ſir?
*M.Pen.* A fit, a qualme——is miſtris *Hargrave* gone?
*Ieſper.* Who ſir? miſtris *Hargrave*?
*M.Pen.* Is ſhe gone I ſay?
*Ieſper.* Gone? why ſhe was never here yet.
*M.Pen.* No?
*Ieſper.* Why no ſir.
*M.Pen.* Art ſure on't?
*Ieſper.* Sure on't? if I be ſure I breath, and am my ſelfe?
*M.Pen.* I like it not——where kept thou?
*Ieſper.* I'th next roome to ſir.
*M.Pen.* Why ſhe ſtrucke by thee mad.

*Jesper.* Youde make one mad ſir, that a Gentlewoman ſhould ſteale by mee and I not heare her; Sfoote, one may heare the ruffling of their gowns almoſt an houre before we ſee 'em.

*M. Pen.* I will be ſatisfi'd -- altho to hazard,
What though her husband meete me? I am honeſt,
When mens intents are wicked, their guilt haunts 'em,
But when they're juſt, they're arm'd, & nothing daunts 'em.

*Jesper.* What ſtrange humour call you this? he dreames of women, and both his eyes broad open! *Exeunt.*

*Enter at one doore Sir Bounteous, at another Gum-water.*

*Sir Boun.* Why how now maſter *Gum-water*? what's the newes with your haſt?

*Gum.* I have a thing to tell your Worſhip of.

*Sir Boun.* Why prethee tell me, ſpeake man.

*Gum.* Your Worſhip ſhall pardon mee, I have better bringing up then ſo.

*Sir Boun.* How ſir?

*Gum.* 'Tis a thing made ſir, for your Eare ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Oh—other—cry you mercy, now I begin to taſte you: is ſhe come?

*Gum.* Shee's come ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Recover'd, well and found again?

*Gum.* That's to be feard ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Why ſir?

*Gum.* She weares a Linnin cloath about her jaw.

*Sir Boun.* Ha, ha, haw; why that's the faſhion you whorſon *Gum-water*.

*Gum.* The faſhion ſir? I've ſo long time to ſee that a faſhion, which rather was an Emblame of diſgraſe.
It was ſuſpected much in *Monſier*'s dayes.

*Sir Boun.* I, I, in thoſe dayes, that was a queaſie time; our age is better hardned now, and put ſtiffer in the fire, wee are tryed what wee are: Tut, the Pox is as naturall now,

as an Ague in the Spring time, we seldome Physicke without it there, take this Key, you know what duties belong too't, goe, give order for a Cullize, let there be a good fire made i'th matted Chamber; doe you heare sir?

*Gum.* I know my Office sir. *Exit.*

*Sir Boun.* An old mans venery is very chargeable my masters, there's much cookery belongs too't. *Exit.*

*Enter Gum-water with Folly-wit, in Curtizans disguise, and mask.*

*Gum.* Come Lady, you know where you are now?

*Fol.* Yes, good master *Gum-water.*

*Gum.* This is the old Closet you know.

*Fol.* I remember it well sir.

*Gum.* There stands a Casket, I would my yearely revenue were but worth the wealth that's lockt in't Lady; yet I have fifty pound a yeare wench.

*Fol.* Beside your apparrell sir?

*Gum.* Yes faith have I.

*Fol.* But then you reckon your chaine sir.

*Gum.* No by my troth doe I not; neither: faith and you consider me rightly sweet Lady, you might admit a choise Gentleman into your service.

*Fol.* Oh, pray away sir.

*Gum.* Pusha come, come, you doe but hinder your fortunes yfaith; I have command of all the house, I can tell you, nothing comes into th' Kitchin, but comes through my hands.

*Fol.* Pray doe not handle me sir.

*Gum.* Faith y'are too nice Lady: and as for my secrecy you know I have vow'd it often to you.

*Fol.* Vow'd it? ind. no, you men are fickle.

*Gum.* Fickle? — Sfoote bind me Lady.

*Fol.* Why I binde you by vertue of this Chaine, to meete mee to morrow at the Flowre-deluce yonder, be-

tweene

tweene nine and ten of the cloeke.

*Gum.* And if I doe not Lady let me lose it, thy love and my best fortunes.

*Fol.* Why now ile try you, goe too.

*Gum.* Farewell sweet Lady. *kisses her.* *Exit.*

*Fol.* Welcome sweet Cockscombe; by my faith a good induction, I perceive by his over-worne phraise, and his action toward the middle region still, there has bin some saucy nibling motion, and no doubt the cunning queane waited but for her prey; and I thinke 'tis better bestow'd upon mee for his soules health, and his bodies too; ile teach the slave to bee so bold yet, as once to offer to vault in his Masters saddle yfaith: Now Casket, by your leave, I have seene your out-side oft, but that's no proofe. Some have faire out-sides that are nothing worth: ha— now by my faith a Gentlewoman of very good parts, Diamond, Rudie, Saphire, *Quix cum prole Siloxquis*, if I doe not wonder how the queane scapt tempting I meane *Hermophrodite*, sure shee could lacke nothing, but the Divell to poynt too't; and I wonder that he should bee missing: well, 'tis better as it is, this is the fruites of old-grunting-venery. Grandsire, you may thanke your Drab for this; oh fie, in your crinckling dayes Grandsire, keepe a Curtizan to hinder your Grandchild, 'tis against Nature yfaith, and I hope you'le be weary on't: Now to my villaines that lurke close below:

Who keepes a Harlot tell him this from me,
He needs nor theefe, disease, nor enemy. *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Bountrow.*

*Sir Boun.* Ah sirrah, me thinkes I feele my selfe well tosted, bumbasted, rub'd and refresht; but yfaith I cannot forget to thinke how soone sickenesse has altered her— to my taste; I gave her a kisse at bottome o'th staires, and by th'masse me thought her breath had much adoe to besweet, like a thing

ded me thought of Wine, Beere, and Tobacco, I smelt much Pudding in't,
It may be but my fancy, or her physicke:
For this I know, her health gave such content,
The fault rests in her sickness, or my scent. How dost thou now sweet Girle, what well recover'd? Sickness quite gone, ha? speake—what wench? *Franke Gulman*, why body of me, what's here? my Casket wide open, broke open, my jewells stolne—why *Gum-water*—

*Gum.* Anon anon sir.

*Sir Boun.* Come hither, *Gum-water*.

*Gum.* That were small manners sir yfaith, ile finde a time, anon, your Worship's haue yet.

*Sir Boun.* Why *Gum-water*?

*Gum.* Fo, nay then you'le make me blush yfaith sir—

*Sir Boun.* Where's this Creature?

*Gum.* What creature sir if you'de haue sir?

*Sir Boun.* The worst that ever breathes.

*Gum.* That's a wild Boare sir.

*Sir Boun.* That's a wild whore sir;—where didst thou leave her Rascall?

*Gum.* What your Retention sir?

*Sir Boun.* My Execration sir.

*Gum.* Where I was wont in your worships closet.

*Sir Boun.* A poxe ingrosse her, it appeares too true,
See you this Casket sir.

*Gum.* My chayne, my chayne, my chayne, my one and onely chayne.

*Exit.*

*Sir Boun.* Thou runst to much purpose now *Gum-water*, yee? is not a Quean ynough to answer for,
but she must joyne a theefe too't? a theeving Queane; Nay I have done with her yfaith, 'tis a signe h'as bin sick ahte, for shee's a great deale worse then she was, by my troth I would have pawn'd my life upon't, did she want any thing? was shee not supply'd?
Nay and liberally, for that's an old grant sir;

Weele feast our Lechery, though we starve our kin.
Is not my name *sir Bonaseons*, am I not expreſt there?
Ah fie, fie, fie; fie, fie, but I perceive
Tho ſhe have never ſo compleat a friend,
A ſtrumpets love will have a waſt i'th end.
And diſtaſte the veſſell: I can hardly beare this;
But ſay I ſhould complaine, perhaps ſhe has pawn'd 'em,
Sfoote the Judges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrow
more money of 'em; make the old fellow pay for's lechery: that's all the mends I get, I have ſeene the ſame Caſe
tryed at *Newbery* the laſt Sizes.
Well, things muſt ſlip and ſleepe, I will diſſemble it,
becauſe my credit ſhall not looſe her luſtre;
But whilſt I live, ile neither love nor truſt her.
I ha done, I ha done; I ha done with her faith. *Exit.*

*Maſter Penitent Once-ill-knocking within;*
*Enter a Servus.*
*Enter Maſter Penitent.*

*Servus.* Who'ſe that knocks?
*M.Pen.* A friend.
*Servus.* What's your will ſir?
*M.Pen.* Is maſter *Hargrave* at home?
*Servus.* No, newly gone from it ſir.
*M.Pen.* Where's the gentlewoman his wife?
*Servus.* My miſtris is within ſir.
*M.Pen.* When came ſhe in I pray?
*Servus.* Who my miſtris? ſhee was not out theſe two dayes to my knowledge.
*M.Pen.* No? truſt, mee t'de thought t'de ſeene her; I would requeſt a word with her.
*Servus.* Ile tell her ſir.
*M.Pen.* I thanke you—it likes me worſe and worſe—
*Enter Miſtris Hargrave.*
*Wife.* Why how now ſir? 'twas deſperately adventur'd,

a little lookt for you until the morrow.

*M. Pen.* No? why what made you at my Chamber then, even now?

*Wife.* I at your chamber?

*M. Pen.* Puh—dissemble not, come, come, you were there.

*Wife.* By my life you wrong me sir.

*M. Pen.* What?

*Wife.* First y'are not ignorant what watch keeps o're me,
And for your Chamber, as I live I know not.

*M. Pen.* But I into sorrow then, and griefes extreames,
Whilst I beate on this flesh.

*Wife.* What ist disturbs you sir?

*M. Pen.* Then was the Divell in your likenesse there.

*Wife.* Ha?

*M. Pen.* The very Divell assum'd thee formally,
That face, that voyce, that gesture, that attire;
E'ne as it sits on thee, not a pleate alter'd,
That Bever band, the colour of that Periwig,
The Farthingale above the Navill, all:
As if the fashion were his owne invention.

*Wife.* Mercy defend me.

*M. Pen.* To beguile me more.
The cunning *Succubus* told me that meeting
Was wrought a purpose, by much wit and Art;
Wept to me, laid my vowes before me, urg'd me,
Give me the private markes of all our Love:
Woo'd me in wanton and effeminate rimes,
And sung and danst about me like a Fairy:
And had not worthier cogitations blest me,
Thy forme and his enchantments had possest me.

*Wife.* What shall become of me? my own thoughts doome mee?

*M. Pen.* Be honest, then the Divell will ne're assume thee,
He has no pleasure in that shape to abide,
Where these two sisters raigne not; Lust, or pride:
He is much troubles at a constant mind,

As loofer flesh at him; be not dismay'd:
Spring soules for joy, his policies are betray'd.
Forgive me Mistris *Hargrave*, on whose soule
The guilt hangs double;
My lust, and thy enticement; both I challenge:
And therefore of due vengeance it appear'd
To none but me, to whom both sins inher'd.
What knowes the leacher when he clips his whore,
Whether it be the Divell his parts adore?
They're both so like, that in our Naturall sence,
I could discerne no change nor difference.
No marvell then times should so stretch and turne,
None for Religion, all for pleasure burne.
Hot zeale into hot lust is now transform'd,
Grace into painting, Charity into cloathes;
Faith into Haire, and put off as often:
There's nothing but our vertue knowes a meane,
He that kept open house now keepes a Queane.
He will keepe open still, that he commends,
And there he keepes a Table for his friends:
And she consumes more then her Sire could hoord,
Being more common than his house or boord: *Enter*
Live honest, and live happy, keepe thy vowes, *Hargrave.*
Shee's part a Virgin whom but one man knowes:
Embrace thy husband, and beside him none,
Having but one heart, give it but to one.
*Wife.* I vow it on my knees, with teares true bred;
No man shall ever wrong my husbands bed.
*M. Pen.* Rise, i'me thy friend for ever.
*Harebraine.* And I thine
For ever and ever. -- Let me embrace thee sir, whom I will
love, even next unto my soule, and that's my Wife;
Two deare rare Jems this houre presents me with:
A wife that's modest, and a friend that's right,
Idle suspect and feare now take your flight.
*M. Pen.* A happy inward peace crowne both your

joyes. *Hareb.* Thankes above utterance to you; now? the newes?

*Servus.* Sir *Bounteous Progresse* sir,
Invites you and my mistris to a feast,
On tuesday next; his man attends without.

*Hareb.* Returne both with our willingnesse and thankes.
I will intreate you sir to be my guest.

*M. Pen.* Who I sir.

*Harg.* Faith you shall.

*M. Pen.* Well, ile breake strife.

*Harebraine.* A friend's so rare, ile sooner part from life.

*Enter Folly-wit, the Curtizan striving from him.*

*Folly-w.* What so coy, so strict? come, come.

*Curt.* Pray change your opinion sir, I am not for that use.

*Folly-w.* Will you but heare me?

*Curt.* I shall heare that I would not. *Exit.*

*Folly.* Sfoote this is strange, i've seldome seene a wench stand upon stricter points; life shee will not endure to be Courted, does shee e're thinke to prosper? ile ne're beleeve that Tree can bring forth fruite, that never beares a blossome. Courtship a blossome, and often brings forth fruit in forty weekes: 'Twere a mad part in mee, now to turne over; if ever there were any hope on't, 'tis at this instant: shall I bee madder now then ever I have beene? i'me in the way yfaith.

*Mans* never at high height of madnesse full,
Untill he love and prove a womans gull;
I doe protest in earnest I ne're knew,
At which end to begin to affect a woman;
Till this bewitching minute, I ne're saw
Each worth my object; till mine eye met hers, I should laugh and I were caught yfaith, ile see her agen that's certaine, what e're comes on't; by your favour Ladies.

*Enter*

*Enter the Mother.*

*Mother.* You're welcome ſir.

*Folly.* Know you the young gentlewoman that went in lately?

*Mo.* I have beſt cauſe to know her, i'me her mother ſir.

*Fol.* Oh in good time, I like the gentlewoman well, a pretty contriv'd beauty.

*Mot.* I, nature has done her part ſir.

*Fol.* But ſhe has one uncomely quality.

*Mot.* What's that ſir?

*Fol.* Sfoote ſhe's affraid of a man.

*Moth.* Alaſſe, impute that to her baſhfull ſpirit, ſhee's fearefull of her honour.

*Fol.* Of her honour? ſlid i'meſure I cannot get her maiden head with breathing upon her, nor can ſhe looſe her honour in her tongue.

*Mother.* True, and I have often told her ſo, but what would you have a fooliſh virgin ſir, a wilfull virgin; I tell you ſir, I neede not have beene in that ſolitary ſtate that I am, had ſhee had grace and boldneſſe to have put her ſelfe forward, alwaies timorſome, alwaies backward; ah that ſame peeviſh honour of hers, has undone her and mee both good Gentleman: the Suitors, the Jewells, the Joynters that has beene offer'd her, wee had beene made women for ever: but what was her faſhion? ſhe could not indure the ſight of a man forſooth, but runne and hide her ſelfe preſently; ſo choiſe of her honour, I am perſwaded, when e're ſhe has husband, ſhee will eene be a preſident for all married wives, how to direct their actions, and their lives.

*Fol.* Have you not ſo much power with her, to command her preſence.

*Mot.* You ſhall ſee ſtraight what I can doe ſir. *Exit.*

*Fol.* Would I might bee hang'd, if my love doe not ſtretch to her deeper and deeper, thoſe baſhfull maiden humours.

mours take mee prisoner, when there comes a restraint upon flesh; we are alwaies most greedy uppon't, and that makes your merchants wife oftentimes pay so deare for a mouthfull: give me a woman as she was made at first, simple of her selfe; without Sophistication, like this wench, I cannot abide them when they have tricks, set speeches, and Artfull entertainements: you shall have some so impudently aspected, they will out-cry the forehead of a man, make him blush first, and talke him into silence: and this is counted manly in a woman, it may hold so; sure womanly it is not: no, If e're I love, or any thing move me,
'Twill be a womans simple modesty.

*Enter Mother, bringing in strivingly the Curtizan.*

*Curt.* Pray let me goe, why mother what doe you meane? I beseech you mother? is this your conquest now? great glory 'tis to overcome a poore and silly Virgin.

*Fol.* The wonder of our time sits in that brow,
I ne're beheld a perfect man till now.

*Mo.* Thou childish thing, more bashfull then thou'rt wise;
Why dost thou turne aside, and drowne thine eyes?
Looke fearefull foole, there's no temptation neere thee;
Art not asham'd that any flesh should feare thee?
Why I durst pawne my life the gentleman meanes no other but honest and pure love to thee: how say you sir?

*Fol.* By my faith not I Lady.

*Mo.* Harke you there; what thinke you now forsooth? what grieves your honour now?
Or what lascivious breath intends to reare
Against that maiden Organ your chaste eare?
Are you resolv'd now better of mens hearts?
Their faiths and their affections, with you none;
Or at most, few whose tongues aand mindes are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past,
Men love as purely as you can be chaste: to her your selfe sir,

the

The wayes broke before you, you have the eaſier paſſage.

*Fol.* Feare not, come; erect thy happy graces in thy looke: I love no curious wooer, but in faith
I love thee honourably.

*Curt.* How meane you that ſir?

*Fol.* Sfoot as one loves a woman for a wife.

*Mot.* Has the gentlemen anſwered you, tro?

*Fol.* I doe confeſſe it truely to you both,
My eſtate is yet but ſickly; but I've a Grandſire
Will make me Lord of thouſands at his death.

*Mother.* I know your Grandſire well; ſhee knowes him better.

*Fol.* Why then you know no fiction; my ſtate then will be a long dayes journey 'bove the wait wench.

*Mot.* My daughter he ſayes true.

*Fol.* And thou ſhalt often meaſure it in thy Coach,
And with the wheeles tract make a girdle for't.

*Mot.* Ah 'twill be a merry journey.

*Fol.* What ift a match? if't be clap hands and lips.

*Mot.* 'Tis done, there's witneſſe on't.

*Fol.* Why then mother I ſalute you.

*Mot.* Thankes ſweete ſonne;—Sonne *Folly-wit*, come hither; if I might counſell thee, weele ee'ne take her while the good moodes upon her, ſend for a Prieſt, and clap't up within this houre.

*Fol.* By my troth agreed mother.

*Mot.* Nor does her wealth conſiſt all in her fleſh,
Tho beauty be enough wealth for a woman,
She brings a Dowry of three hundred with her.

*Fol.* Sfoote that will ſerue till my Grandfire dyes I warrant you, heele drop away at fall a'th leafe, if ever he reach to all Hollandtide ile be hang'd.

*Mot.* O yes ſonne, he's a luſty old gentleman.

*Fol.* Ah poxe, hee's given to women, he keepes a queane at this preſent.

*Mo.* Fye

*Fol.* Doe not tell my wife on't.

*Mot.* That were needlesse, faith.

*Folly-w.* Hee makes a great feast upon the eleventh of this moneth, tuesday next; and you shall see Players there. I have one tricke more to put upon him, my wife and your selfe shall goe thither before as my guests, and prove his entertainement, Ile meete you there at night, the jest will be here; that feast which hee makes, will unknowne to him, serve fitly for our wedding dinner, we shall be royally furnisht, and get some charges by't.

*Mot.* An excellent course (yfaith) and a thrifty, why Son, me thinke, you begin to thrive before y'are married

*Fol.* We shall thrive one day wench, and clep enough. Betweene our hopes there's but a Grandsires puffe. *Exit.*

*Mot.* So girle, here was a bird well caught.

*Curt.* If ever, here: but what for a Grandsire, twill scarce please him well.

*Mot.* Who covets fruite, ne're cares from whence it fall
Thou'lt wedded youth and strength and wealth will fall:
Last thou'rt made honest.

*Curtiz.* And that's worth 'em all. *Exeunt.*

# Actus Quintus.

*Enter busily Sir Bounteous Progresse for the feast.*

*Sir Boun.*

HAve a care blew-coates, shelter your selfe Master *Gunmaker*, cast an eye intoth' Kitchin, o're-looke the knaves a little, every Jack has his friend to day; this cozen, and that cozen puts in for a dish of meate, a man knowes

not

not till he make a feast how many varlets he feeds, acquaintances swarme in every corner, like flyes at *Bartholmewtide* that come up with Drovers. Sfoot I thinke they smell my Kitchin seaven mile about; master *Shortrod* and his sweete bed-fallow, y'are very copiously welcome.

*Hareb.* Sir, here's an especiall deare friend of ours, wee were bold to make his way to your Table.

*Sir Boun.* Thankes for that boldnesse ever, good Master *Shortrod*, is this your friend sir?

*Hareb.* Both my wifes friend and mine sir.

*Sir Boun.* Why then compendiously sir, --y'are welcome.

*M. Pen.* In Octavo I thanke you sir.

*Sir Bo.* Excellently retorted yfaith, he's welcome for's wit: I have my sorts of salutes, and know how to place 'em Courtly; walke in sweet gentlemen, walke in; there's a good fire i'th Hall, you shall have my sweet company instantly.

*Hareb.* I good *Sir Bounteous.* *Enter Semus.*

*Sir Boun.* You shall indeed gentlemen; how now, what newes brings thee in stumbling now?

*Semus.* There are certaine Players come to Towne sir, and desire to enterlude before your Worship.

*Sir Boun.* Players? by the masse they are welcome, they'le grace my entertainement well; but for certain Players there thou lyest boy; they were never more uncertaine in their lives: now up, and now downe; they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play: not when to play for fearefull fooles, where to play for Puritane fooles; nor what to play for critticall fooles; --goe call 'em in, --how fitly the whorfers come upo'th feast, troth I was ee'n wishing for 'em, --oh welcome, welcome my friends.

*Fol.* The moneth of *May* delights not in her flowers,
More then we joy in that sweet sight of yours.

*Sir Boun.* Well acted a my credit, I perceive hee's your best Actor.

*Sem.* He has greatest share sir; and may live of himselfe sir.

*Sir Boun.* What what? put on your hat sir, pray goe on, goe

too, wealth must be respected, let those that have least feathers stand bare; and whose men are you I pray? may keepe on your hat still.

*Folly-w.* We serve my Lord *Owemuch* sir.

*Sir Boun.* My L. *Owemuch*, by my troth the welcom'st men alive; give me all your hands at once, that honourable gentleman, he lay at my house in a robbery once, and tooke all quietly, went away cheerefully. I made a very good feast for him; I never saw a man of honour beare things bravelier away: serve my Lord *Owemuch*? welcome yfaith: some Bastard for my Lords Players,—where be your boyes?

*Fol.* They come along with the Waggon sir.

*Sir Boun.* Good, good, and which is your Polititian amongst you? now yfaith hee that workes out Restraints, makes best legs at Court, and has a suite made of purpose, for the companies businesse, which is hee, come, be not afraid of him.

*Fol.* I am hesir.

*Sir Boun.* Art thou he? give me thy hand, harke in thine eare, thou rowlest too fast to gather so much mosse as thy fellow there; champe upon that, ah; and what play shall we have my masters?

*Fol.* A pleasant witty Comedy sir.

*Sir Boun.* I, I, I, a comedy in any case, that I and my guests may lugh a little, what's the name on't?

*Fol.* 'Tis cald the Slip.

*Sir Boun.* The Slip? By my troth a pretty name, and a glib one: goe all and slip in out, as fast as you can cover a Table for the Players. First take heed of a Larcher, he cuts deepe; he will eate up all from you. Some Sherrey for my Lords Players there sirrah; why this will be a true feast, a right Miter supper, a play and all; more lights—I cald for light, here come in two are light enough for a whole house yfaith. Dare the theefe looke me i'th face? O impudent times! goe too, dissemble it. *Enter Mother and Curtizan.*

*Mot.* Blesse you sir *Bountrom*.

*Sir Boun.*

*Sir Boun.* O welcome, welcome; Theeſe, Queane, and Bawd; welcome all three.

*Mot.* Nay here's but two on's ſir.

*Sir Boun.* A my troth, I tooke her for a couple, I'de have ſworne there had bin two faces there.

*Mot.* Not all under one hood ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Yes ſtith would I, to ſee mine eyes beare double.

*Mot.* Ile make it hold ſir, my daughter is a couple, Shee was married yeſterday. *Sir Boun.* Buz.

*Mot.* Nay to no buzzard neither; a right Hanke When e're you know him.

*Sir Boun.* Away, he cannot bee but a Raſcall; walke in walke in bold gueſts; that come unſent for: poſt, I perceive how my Jewells went now to grace her marriage.

*Curtiz.* Would you with me ſir?

*Sir Boun.* Ey, how haſt it wench, you put the ſlip upon me, Not three nights ſince? I name it gently to you; I tearme it neither Pilpher, Cheat, nor Sharke.

*Curtiz.* Y'are paſt my reach.

*Sir Boun.* I'me old and paſt your reach, very good; but you will not deny this I truſt.

*Curt.* With a ſafe conſcience, ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Yeed give me thy hand, fare thee well; I have done with her.

*Curt.* Give mee your hand, ſir; you ne're yet begun with mee. *Exit.*

*Sir Boun.* Whew, whew; O audacious age. She denies me and all, when on her fingers, I ſpy'd the Ruby ſit, that does betray her, And bluſhes for her fact, well there's a time for't: For all's too little now for entertainement. Feaſt, mirth, Harmony, and the play to boote. A joviall Seaſon. How now, are you ready *Enter Folly-wit.*

*Fol.* Even upon readineſſe ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Keepe you your hat on. *Takes it off.*

*Fol.* I have a ſuite to your worſhip.

*Sir Boun.* Oh cry you mercy, then you must stand bare.

*Fol.* We could doe all to the life of action sir, both for the credit of your worships house, & the grace of our Comedy.

*Sir Boun.* Cuds me, what else sir?

*Fol.* And for some defects (as the custome is) we would be bold to require your worships assistance.

*Sir Boun.* Why with all my heart, what ist you want? speake.

*Fol.* One's a chaine for a Justices hat sir.

*Sir Boun.* Why here, here, here; here whoreson, will this serve your turne?

*Fol.* Excellent well sir.

*Sir Boun.* What else lacke you?

*Fol.* We should use a Ring with a stone in't.

*Sir Boun.* Nay whoope, I have given too many rings already, talke no more of rings I pray you, here, here, here; make this jewell serve for once.

*Fol.* Oh this will serve sir.

*Sir Boun.* What have you all now?

*Fol.* All now sir—onely time is brought i'th middle of the play, and I would desire your worships watch time.

*Sir Boun.* My Watch, with all my heart, onely give time a charge that he be not fidling with it.

*Fol.* You shall ne're see that sir.

*Sir Boun.* Well now you are furnisht sir, make haste away.

*Fol.* E'ne as fast as I can sir,—ile set my fellowes going first, they must have time and leasure, or they'le dull else; Ile stay and speake a Prologue, yet o're take 'em; I cannot have conscience yfaith to goe away and ne're a word to 'em: my Grandsire has given me three shares here, sure ile doe something for 'em. *Exit.*

*Enter* Sir *Bounteous and all the Guests.*

*Sir Boun.* More lights, more flooles, sir, sir, the play begins.

*Short.* Have you players here *Sir Bounteous*?

*Sir Boun.* We have 'im for you sir, five nimble Comedians, proper Actors most of them.

*M. Pen.* Whose men I pray you sir?

*Sir Boun.* Oh there's their credit sir they serve an honourable

able popular Gentleman, eclipped my Lord *One-much*.

*Short.* My Lord *One-much*? he was in *Ireland* lately.

*Sir Boun.* O you ne're know any of the name but were great Travellers.

*Short.* How is the Comedy cald, *Sir Bounteous*?

*Sir Boun.* Marry sir the Slip.

*Short.* The Slip?

*Sir Boun.* I, and here the Prologue begins to slip in upon's.

*Short.* 'Tis so indeed *Sir Bounteous*.

*Enter for a Prologue* Folly-Wit.

*Prologue.*

*Fol.* Wasting of wandring Knights, what them betide,
Who nor in one place, nor one shape abide:
They're here now, and anon no scouts can reach em,
Being every man well horst like a bold Beacham.
The play which we present, no fault shall meete,
But one, you'le say 'tis short, weele say 'tis sweete:
'Tis given much to dumbe showes, which some praise,
And like the Terme delights much in delayes:
So to conclude, and give the name her due,
The play being nam'd the Slip, I vanish too. *Exit.*

*Sir Boun.* Excellent well acted, and a nimble conceit.

*Short.* The Prologues pretty y'faith.

*M. Pen.* And went off well.

*Sir Boun.* I that's the grace of all, when they goe away well, ah, hah!

*Curt.* A my troth and I were not married, I could finde in my heart to fall in love with that Player now, and send for him to a supper: I know some i'th Towne that have done as much, and there tooke such a good conceite of their parts into th' two-penny roome, that the Actors have bin fayn'd i'th morning in a lesse compasse then their Stage, tho 'twere ne're so full of gentlemen.

*Sir Boun.* But, passion of me, where be these knaves, will they

they not come away? me thinkes they stay very long.

*Mi. Pen.* Oh you must beare a little sir, they have many shifts to run into.

*Sir Boun.* Shifts call you 'em, they're horrible long things.

*Fol.* A pox of such fortune, the plots betray'd:

*Folly-wit returnes in a fury.*

All will come out, yonder they come taken upon suspition, and brought backe by a Constable. I was accurst to hold society with such Cockscombs, what's to be done? I shall be sham'd for ever; my wife here and al: ah pox — by light happily thought upon, the chaine; invention sticke to mee this once, and faile me ever hereafter: so, so. ——

*Sir Boun.* Life I say, where be these Players? oh are you come? troth it's time, I was e'ne sending for you.

*Short.* How moodily he walkes, what playes he tro?

*Sir Boun.* A Justice upon my credit, I know by the chaine there. *Folly-w.* Unfortunate Justice.

*Sir Boun.* Ah—a—a

*Fol.* In thy kin unfortunate,
Here comes thy Nephew now upon suspition, (him,
Brought by a Constable before thee, his vild associats with
But so disguis'd, none knowes him but my selfe:
Twice have I set him free from Officers fangs,
And for his sake, his fellowes: look to 't.
My conscience will permit but one winke more.

*Sir Boun.* Yee, shall we take Justice winking.

*Fol.* For this time I have bethought a meanes to work thy freedome, tho hazarding my selfe; should the Law ceaze him, Being kin to me, 'twould blemish much my name, No; I'de rather feane to danger, than to shame.

*Enter Constable with them.*

*Sir Boun.* A very expleate Justice.

*Con.* Thanke you good neighbours, let me alone with 'em now.

*Lieb.* Sfoote whose yonder?

*Ant.* Dare he sit there?

*2. Folly-wit.* *3.* Captaine—puh—

*Folly.*

*Folly.* How now Conſtable, what newes with thee?

*Con.* May it pleaſe your Worſhip ſir,—here are a company of ſuſpicious fellowes.

*Sir Boun.* To me? puh—turne to'th Juſtice you whorſon Hobby-horſe, this is ſome new player now, they put all their fooles to the Conſtables part ſtill.

*Fol.* What's the matter Conſtable, what's the matter?

*Con.* I have nothing to ſay to your worſhip—they were all riding a horſeback ant pleaſe your worſhip.

*Sir Boun.* Yet agen; a pox of all Aſſes ſtill, they could not ride a foot unleſſe 'twere in a bawdy-houſe.

*Con.* The Oſtiler told me they were all unſtable fellows ſir.

*Fol.* Why ſure the fellow's drunke.

*Lieſt.* We ſpide that weakneſſe in him long agoe ſir, your worſhip muſt beare with him, the man's much o're-ſeene, onely in reſpect of his Office wee obey'd him, both to appeare conformable to Law, and cleare of all offence: for I proteſt ſir, he found us but a horſebacke.

*Folly.* What he did?

*Lieſt.* As I have a ſoule, that's all; and all he can lay to us.

*Con.* Yfaith, you were not all riding away then.

*Lieſt.* Sfoot, being a horſebacke ſir, that muſt needs follow

*Fol.* Why true ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Well ſaid Juſtice, he helpes his kinſmen well.

*Fol.* Why ſirra, doe you uſe to bring Gentlemen before us for riding away, what will you have 'em ſtand ſtill when they're up, like Smug upo'th white horſe yonder? are your wits ſteept? ile make you an excellent example for all dizzy Conſtables, how they abuſe juſtice; here bind him to this Chaire.

*Con.* Ha, bind him hoe?

*Fol.* If you want cords, uſe garters.

*Con.* Helpe, helpe, Gentlemen.

*Leiſt.* As faſt as we can ſir. *Con.* Theeves, theeves.

*Fol.* A gag will helpe all this, keepe leſſe noiſe you knave.

*Cor.* Oh helpe, reſcue the Conſtable—oh, O.

*Sir Boun.* Ho, ho, ho; ho. *They gag him.*

*Fol.* Why la you, who lets you now?
You may ride quietly, ile see you to,
Take horse my selfe; I have nothing else to doe. *Exit.*

*Constable.* Oh,---oh--oh--

*Sir Boun.* Ha, ha, ha; by my troth the maddest peece of Justice gentlemen, that ever was committed.

*Short R.* Ile be sworne for the madnesse on't sir.

*Sir Boun.* I am deceiv'd, if this prove not a merry Comedy and a witty.

*M. Pen.* Alasse poore Constable, his mouth's open, and ne're a wise word.

*Sir Boun.* Faith he speakes now e ne as many as hee has done, he seemes wisest when he gapes and sayes nothing, ha, ha; -- hee turnes, and tells his tale to me like an Asse, what have I to doe with their riding away? they may ride for me, thou whorson Cockscombe thou; nay thou art well ynough serv'd yfaith.

*M. Pen.* But what followes all this while sir; me thinkes some should passe by before this time, & pitty the Constable.

*Sir Boun.* Byth'masse and you say true sir-- goe sirrah, step in, I thinke they have forgot themselves, call the knaves away; they're in a wood I beleeve.

*Con.* I, I, I.

*Sir Boun.* Harke, the Constable sayes I, they're in a wood: -- ha, ha.

*Gum.* He thinkes long of the time Sir *Bounteous*.

*Sir Boun.* How now, when come they?

*Serv.* Alasse, an't please your worship, there's not one of them to be found sir.

*Sir Boun.* How?

*Short R.* What sayes the fellow?

*Serv.* Neither horse nor man sir.

*Sir Boun.* Body of me thou lyest.

*Serv.* Not a haire of either sir.

*Short R.* How now sir *Bounteous*?

*Sir Boun.*

*Sir Boun.* Cheated and defeated, ungag that raſcall, ile hang him for's fellowes; ile make him bring 'em out.

*Con.* Did not I tell your worſhip this before, brought em before you for ſuſpected perſons, ſtaid 'em at Townes end upon warning given, made ſignes that my very jaw bone akes, your worſhip would not heare me, cald me Aſſe, ſaving your worſhips preſence laught at me.

*Sir Boun.* Ha?

*Short.* I begin to taſte it.

*Sir Boun.* Give me leave, give me leave; why art not thou the Conſtable i'th Comedy?

*Con.* I'th Comedy? why I am the Conſtable i'th common wealth ſir.

*Sir Bo.* I am guld yfaith, I am guld; when waſt thou choſe?

*Con.* On thurſday laſt ſir.

*Sir Boun.* A poxe goe with't, there't goes.

*M. Pen.* I ſeldome heard a jeſt match it.

*Short.* Nor I yfaith.

*Sir Boun.* Gentlemen I ſhall intreate a curteſie?

*Short.* What iſt ſir?

*Sir Bo.* Doe not laugh at me ſeven yeare hence.

*M. Pen.* We ſhould betray and laugh at our owne folly then, for of my troth none here but was deceiv'd an't.

*Sir Bo.* Faith that's ſome comfort yet, ha, ha; it was featly carried, troth I commend their wits; before our faces, make us Aſſes while we ſit ſtill, & onely laugh at our ſelves.

*M. Pen.* Faith they were ſome counterfeit rogues ſir.

*Sir Bo.* Why they confeſſe as much them ſelves, they ſaid theyd play the ſlip; they ſhold be men of their words, I hope the Juſtice will have more conſcience yfaith, then to carry away a chaine of a hundred marke of that faſhion.

*Short.* What ſir?

*Sir Bo.* I by my troth ſir, beſides a jewell, and a jewells fellow; a good faire Watch that hung about my neck ſir.

*Short.* Sfoote what did you meane ſir?

*Sir Bo.* Methinkes my Lord *Owe-muches* players ſhould

not ſcorne me ſo yfaith, they will come and bring all agen I know, puſh they will yfaith, but a jeſt certainely.

*Enter Folly-wit in his owne ſhape, and all the reſt.*

*Folly.* Pray Grandſire give me your bleſſing?

*Sir Boun.* Who? Sonne *Folly-wit?*

*Fol.* This ſhowes like kneeling after the play, I praying for my Lord *Owe-much* and his good Counteſſe, our honourable Lady and Miſtris.

*Sir Boun.* Riſe richer by a bleſſing, thou art welcome.

*Fol.* Thankes good Grandſire, I was bold to bring thoſe gentlemen my friends.

*Sir Boun.* They're all welcome, ſilute you that ſide, and ile welcome this ſide. Sir to begin with you.

*Short.* Maſter *Folly-wit.*

*Fol.* I am glad 'tis our fortune ſo happily to meete ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Nay then you know me not ſir.

*Fol.* Sweet Miſtris *Harebraine.*

*Sir Boun.* You cannot be too bold ſir.

*Fol.* Our marriage knowne?

*Curt.* Not a word yet.

*Fol.* The better.

*Sir Boun.* Faith Son would you had come ſooner with theſe Gentlemen.

*Fol.* Why Grandſire?

*Sir Boun.* We had a play heere.

*Fol* A play ſir, no.

*Sir Boun.* Yes faith, a poxe a'th Author.

*Fol.* Bleſſe us all, why were they ſuch rild ones ſir?

*Sir Boun.* I am ſure villanous ones ſir.

*Fol.* Some raw ſimple fooles.

*Sir Boun.* Nay bith'maſſe theſe were enough for theeviſh knaves *Fol.* What ſir?.

*Sir Boun.* Which way came you gentlemen? you could not chuſe but meete 'em.

*Fol* We met a company with Hampers after 'em.

*Sir Boun.* Oh thoſe were they, thoſe were they; a poxe hamper them.

*Fol.*

*Fol.* Bleſſe us all agen.

*Sir Boun.* They have hamperd me finely ſirrah.

*Fol.* How ſir.

*Sir Boun.* How ſir, I lent the raſcalls properties to furniſh out their play: a chaine, a jewell, and a watch, & they watch their time, and ride quite away with 'em.

*Fol.* Are they ſuch creatures?

*Sir Boun.* Harke, harke gentlemen; by this light the watch rings alarum in his pocket, there's my watch come agen, or the very cozen German toot; whoſe iſt? whoſe iſt? by'th maſſe 'tis he, haſt thou one ſon? prethee beſtow it upon thy Grandſire, I now looke for mine agen y faith; nay come with a good will or elſe not at all, ile give thee a better thing, a peece, a peece gentlemen.

*Short.* Great or ſmall.

*Sir Boun.* At once I have drawne chaine, jewels watch & all.

*M. Pen.* By my faith you have a fortunate hand ſir.

*Short.* Nay all to come at once.

*Leiſt.* A vengeance on this foolery.

*Fol.* Have I ſcapt the Conſtable to bee brought in by the Watch?

*Curt.* O deſtiny, have I married a Theefe mother?

*Mot.* Comfort thy ſelfe, thou art before hand with him daughter.

*Sir Boun.* Why ſon, why gentlemen, how long have you bin my Lord *Owe-much* his ſervants i faith?

*Fol.* Faith Grandſire, I ſhall be true to you?

*Sir Boun.* I thinke 'tis time, thouſt bin a theefe already.

*Fol.* I knowing the day of your feaſt, & the naturall inclination you have to pleaſure and paſtime, preſum'd upon your patience for a jeſt, as well to prolong your daies as ---

*Sir Boun.* Whoop, why then you tooke my chaine along with you to prolong my daies did you?

*Fol* Not ſo neither ſir, & that you may be ſeriouſly aſſured of my hereafter ſtablene ſſe of life, I have tooke another courſe.

*Sir Boun.* What? *Fol.* Tooke a wife.

*Sir Boun.* A wife? Sfoot, what is she for a foole would marthee a madman? when was the wedding kept in Bedlam?

*Fol.* She's both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

*Sir Boun.* Stop there, stop there; would I might see her?

*Fol.* You have your wish, she's here.

*Sir Boun.* Ah, ha, ha, ha, this makes amends for all.

*Fol.* How now?

*Lieft.* Captaine doe you heare? is she your wife in earnest?

*Fol.* How then?

*Leift.* Nothing but pitty you sir.

*Sir Boun.* Speake sonne, is't true?
Can you gull us, and let a queane gull you.

*Folly.* Ha.

*Courti.* What I have bin is past, be that forgiven:
And have a soule true both to thee and heaven.

*Fol.* Is't come about, trickes are repaid I see.

*Sir Boun.* The best is sirrah you pledge none but me;
And since I drinke the top, take her and harke:
I spice the bottome with a thousand marke.

*Fol.* By my troth, shee is as good a cup of Nectar, as any Batchelor needes to sip at.
Tut give me gold, it makes amends for vice,
Maides without Coyne are Caudles without spice.

*Sir Boun.* Come gentlemen toth feast, let not time waste,
We have pleas'd our eare, now let us please our taste:
Who lives by cunning marke it, his fates cast,
When he has guld all, then is himselfe the last.

*Exeunt.*

*The end of the fifth and last Act: marching over the Stage hand in hand.*

*my Maſters.*

# The Catch for the Fifth Act, ſung by Sir *Bounteous Progreſſe* to his Gueſts.

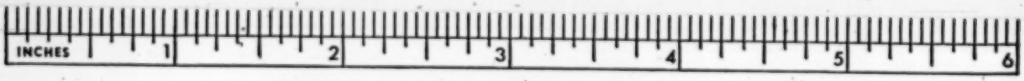
*O For a Bowle of fat Canary,*
*Rich* Ariſtippus, *ſparkeling Sherry;*
*Some Nectar elſe, from* Juno's *Dairy:*
*O theſe draughts would make us merry.*

*O for a wench, I deale in facet,*
*(And in other daintier things;)*
*Tickled am I with her imbraces,*
*Fine dancing in ſuch Fairy rings.*

*O for a plumpe fat Leg of Mutton,*
*Veale, Lambe, Capon, Pig, and Cony:*
*None is happy but a Glutton,*
*None an Aſſe, but who wants money.*

*Wines indeed and Girles are good,*
*But brave victuals feaſt the blood;*
*For Wenches, Wine, and luſty cheere,*
*Jove would come downe to ſurfeit here.*

FINIS.

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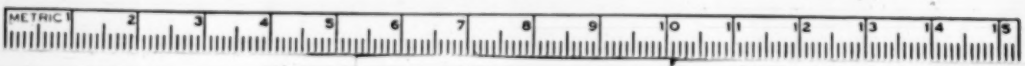


**MICROFILMED–1973**

# A Mad World my MASTERS:

A Comedy.

As it hath bin often Acted at the Private House in *Salisbury Court*, by her Majesties Servants.

Composed by T. M. Gent.

Thomas Middleton

*LONDON*:
Printed for *J. S.* and are to be sold by *James Becket*, at his Shop in the inner Temple Gate.
1640.

822
MSPm
1640

# The Printer and Stationer to the Gentle *READER.*

COurteous Reader, let not the Title or Name of this Comedy be any fore-ſtalling, or a weakning of the worthy Authors Judgement, whoſe knowne Abilities will ſurvive to all Poſterities, though hee be long ſince dead. I hope the Reading thereof ſhall not prove diſtaſtefull unto any in particular, nor hurtfull



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full unto any in generall; but I rather truſt that the Language and the plot which you ſhall find in each Scene, ſhall rather be commended & applauded, than any way derided or ſcorned. In the action, which is the life of a Comedy, and the glory of the Author, it hath bin ſufficiently expreſſed, to the liking of the Spectators, and commendations of the Actors; who have ſet it forth in ſuch lively colours, and to the meaning of the Gentleman that true penn'd it, that I dare ſay few can excell them, though ſome may equall them. In the reading of one *Act* you gheſſe the conſequence, for here is no bumbaſted or fuſtian ſtuffe; but every line weighed as with ballance; & every ſentence placed with judgement and deliberation. All that you can find in the

the peruſall, I will give you notice of before hand, to prevent a cenſure that may ariſe in thy reading of this Comedy; as alſo for the excuſe of the *Author*; and that is this: here & there you ſhall find ſome lines that doe anſwer in meetre, which I hope will not prove ſo diſdainefull, whereby the booke may be ſo much ſlighted, as not to be read; or the *Authors* judgement undervalued as of no worth. Conſider (gentle Reader) it is full twenty yeares ſince it was written, at which time meetre was moſt in uſe, and ſhewed well upon the concluſion of every Act & Scene. My prevalent hope deſires thy charitable cenſure, and thereby drawes me to be

*Thy immutable friend.*

*I. S.*

## *The Actors in the Comedy.*

*Sir Bounteous Progresse* an old rich Knight.
*Richard Folly-wit*, Nephew to
Sir *Bounteous Progresse*.
Master *Penitent Brothell*, a Country gentleman.
*Maw-worme* a Lieutenant,
*Hobby* an Ancient, } Comrades to *Folly wit.*
Master *Ineſſe*,
Master *Poſſibility*, } Two Brothers.
Master *Harebraine*, a Citizen.
*Guy-water* Sir *Bounteous* man.
*Iaſper* maſter *Penitents* man.
*Ralph* maſter *Harebraines* man.
Two Knights.
One Conſtable.
A *Succubus*.
Warth-men.
A Foot-man.

An old Gentlewoman, and mother to the *Curtizan*.
Miſtris *Harebraine*, the Citizens wife.
*Franke Gulpin*, the *Curtizan*.
Attendants.

A mad

# A Mad World my MASTERS.

*Enter Diche Folly-wit, and his conſorts, Lieftenant Maw-worme, Antient Hobey, and others his Comrades.*

*Lieft.*

Captaine, Regent, Principall,

*Anci.* What ſhall I call thee? -

The Noble ſparke of bounty;

The life-blood of Society.

*Folly-w.* Call me your Fore-caſt, you whoreſons, when you come drunke out of a Taverne, 'tis I muſt caſt your plots into for me ſtill; 'tis I muſt manage the Pranke, or Ile not give a louſe for the proceeding: I muſt let fly my civill fortunes, turne wild-braine, lay my wits upo'th Tenters, you raskals, to maintaine a company of villaines, whom I love in my very ſoule and conſcience.

*Lieft.* A ha, our little fore-caſt.

*Folly-w.* Hang you, you have bewitcht me among you, I was as well given till I fell to be wicked, my Grandsire had hope of me, I went all in blacke, swore but a Sundaies, never came home drunke, but upon fasting nights to cleanse my stomacke; slid now I'me quite altered, blowne into light colours, let out oathes by th' minute, sit up late till it be early, drinke drunke till I am sober, sinke downe dead in a Taverne, and rise in a Tobacco-shop; here's a transformation: I was wont yet to pitie the simple, and leave 'em some mony: slid, now I gull 'em without conscience; I goe without order, sweare without number, gull without mercy, and drinke without measure.

*Lieft.* I deny the last, for if you drinke nere so much, you drinke within measure.

*Folly-w.* How prove you that sir?

*Lieft.* Because the Drawers never fill their pots.

*Folly-w.* Masse that was well found out, all Drunkards may lawfully say, they drinke within measure by that tricke; and now I'me put i'th mind of a tricke, you can keepe your countenance villaines? yet I am a foole to aske that, for how can they keepe their countenance that have lost their credits?

*Anti.* I warrant you for blushing Captaine.

*Folly-w.* I easily believe that *Antient*, for thou hast lost thy colours once; Nay faith as for blushing, I thinke there's grace little enough among you all, 'tis Lent in your cheekes, the flag's downe; well, your blushing face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing face, unlesse you had more mony in your purse: then thus compendiously now, you all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humour of my frolike Grandsire Sir *Bounteous Progresse*; whose deaths make all possible to me: I shall have all, when he has nothing; but now he has all, I shall have nothing: I thinke one mind runnes through a million of 'em; they love to keepe us sober all the while the're alive, that when the're dead wee may

drinke

rinke to their healths; they cannot abide to ſee us merry all the while the're above ground; and that makes ſo many laugh at their fathers funeralls: I know my Grandſire has his Will in a Boxe, and has bequeath'd all to mee, when hee can carry nothing away; but ſtood I in neede of poore ten pounds now, by his will I ſhould hang my ſelfe e're I ſhould get it, there's no ſuch word in his Will I warrant you, nor no ſuch thought in his mind.

*Lieft.* You may build upon that Captaine.

*Folly-w.* Then ſince hee has no good will to doe mee good as long as hee lives; by mine owne will, Ile doe my ſelfe good before hee dyes, and now I arrive at the purpoſe: You are not ignorant I'me ſure, you true and neceſſary implements of miſchiefe; firſt, that my Grandſire Sir *Bounteous Progreſſe* is a Knight of thouſands, and therefore no Knight ſince one thouſand five hundred: next, that hee keepes a houſe like his name *Bountcous*, open for all commers: thirdly and laſtly, that hee ſtands much upon the glory of his complement, variety of entertainement, together with the largeneſſe of his Kitchin, longitude of his Buttery, and fecundity of his Larder, and thinkes himſelfe never happier then when ſome ſtiffe L. or great Counteſſe alights; to make light his diſhes: theſe being well mixt together, may give my project better encouragement, and make my purpoſe ſpring forth more fortunate: to be ſhort, and cut off a great deale of durty way; Ile downe to my Grandſire like a L.

*Lieft.* How Captaine?

*Folly-w.* A French ruffe, a thinne beard, and a ſtrong perfume will doo't: I can hire blew coates for you all by *Weſtminſter* Clocke, and that colour will bee ſooneſt beleeved.

*Lieft.* But prethee Captaine?

*Folly-w.* Puſh, I reach paſt your ſadomes; you deſire Crownes.

*Lieft.* From the Crowne of our Head, to the ſole of

out foot bully.

*Folly-w.* Why carry your ſelves but probably, and carry away enough with your ſelves.

*Enter Maſter Penitent Brothel.*

*Anci.* Why there ſpoke a *Romane* Captaine, M. *Penitent Brothell.*

*M. Pen.* Sweet M. *Folly-wit.* *Exit.*

Here's a mad-braine a'th firſt, whoſe prankes ſcorne to have preſidents; to be ſecond to any; or walke beneath any: mad-caps inventions, has plaid more trickes then the the Cardes can allow a man, and of the laſt ſtampe too, hating imitation, a fellow whoſe onely glory is to be prime of the company; to be ſure of which, he maintaines al the reſt: he's the Carrion, and they the Kytes that gore upon him.
But why in others doe I checke wild paſſions,
And retaine deadly follies in my ſelfe?
I taxe his youth of common receiv'd riot,
Times Comicke flaſhes, and the fruits of blood;
And in my ſelfe ſooth up adulterous motions,
And ſuch an appetite that I know dams me;
Yet willingly embrace it, love to *Harebraines* wife,
Over whoſe houres and pleaſures her ſicke husband
With a fantaſticke but deſerv'd ſuſpect,
Beſtowes his ſerious time in watch and ward;
And therefore I'me conſtrain'd to uſe the meanes
Of one that knowes no meane, a Curtizan,
One poiſon for another, whom her husband
Without ſuſpition innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried Art
Corrupts and looſens her moſt conſtant powers,
Making his jealouſie more than halfe a Wittall,
Before his face plotting his owne abuſe,
To which himſelfe gives ayme. *Enter Curtizan.*
Whilſt the broad arrow with the forked head

Miſſes

Misses his brow but narrowly; see here she comes,
The close *Curtizan*, whose mother is her bawde.

*Curtiz.* Master *Penitent Brothwell.*

*M. Pen.* My little pretty Lady *Guil-man*, the newes, the comfort?

*Curtiz.* Y'are the fortunate man sir, Knight a'th holland skirt: there wants but opportunity and she's waxe of your owne fashioning, she had wrought her selfe into the forme of your love before my art set finger to her.

*M. Pen.* Did our affections meete? our thoughts keep time?

*Curtiz.* So it should seeme by the Musicke, the onely jarre is in the grumbling base Viol her husband.

*M. Pen.* Oh his waking suspition!

*Curtiz.* Sigh not *M. Penitent*, trust the managing of the busines with me, tis for my credit now to see't well finish't: if I doe you no good sir, you shall give me no mony sir.

*M. Pen.* I am arriv'd at the Court of conscience; A *Curtizan*! O admirable times! honesty is removed to the Common place. Farewell Lady. *Exit Penitent.*

*Enter Mother.*

*Moth.* How now daughter?

*Curtiz.* What newes Mother?

*Moth.* A token from thy Keeper.

*Curtiz.* Oh from sir *Bounteous Progresse*: hee's my Keeper indeed, but there's many a peice of venison stolne that my Keeper wots not on; there's no Parke kept so warily, but looses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so privately, but may watch advantage to make the best of her pleasure: and in common reason one Keeper cannot bee enough for so proud a Parke as a woman.

*Moth.* Hold thee there Girle.

*Curt.* Feare not me mother.

*Moth.* Every part of the world shoots up daily into more subtilty: the very Spider weaves her caules with more art

and cunning to entrap the flie.
The ſhallow ploughman can diſtinguiſh now,
Twixt ſimple truth and a diſſembling brow.
Your baſe mechaniek fellow can ſpy out
A weakenes in a L. and learnes to ſloute.
How do'ſt behoove us then, that live by ſlight,
To have our wits wound up to their ſtrecht height?
Fifteene times thou haſt I have ſold thy maiden-head,
To make up a dowry for thy marriage, and yet
There's maiden-head enough for old Sir *Bountees* ſtill,
Heele be all his life time about it yet, and be as far to ſeeke
when he has done.
The ſummes that I have told upon thy pillow!
I ſhall once ſee thoſe golden daies agen:
Tho fifteene, all thy maiden-heads are not gone:
The *Italian* is not ſerv'd yet, nor the *French*:
The *Britiſh* men come for a dozen at once,
They ingroſſe all the market; Tut my girle,
Tis nothing but a politicke conveyance;
A ſincere carriage, a religious eye-brow,
That throwes their charmes over the worldlings ſenſes;
And when thou ſpieſt a foole that truely pities
The falſe ſprings of thine eyes,
And honourably doates upon thy love,
If he be rich, ſet him by for a husband;
Be wiſely tempered and learne this my wench,
Who gets th' opinion for a vertuous name
May ſin at pleaſure, and nere thinke of ſhame.

*Curtiz.* Mother, I am too deepe a Scholler growne
To learne my firſt rules now.

*Moth.* 'Twill be thine owne, I ſay no more; peace, harke, remove thy ſelfe, oh, the two elder Brothers.

Enter *Ineſſe, and* Poſſibility.

*Poſſibi.* A faire houre ſweet Lady.

*Moth.*

*Moth.* Good morrow Gentlemen: Maſter *Ineſſe*, and Maſter *Poſſibility.*

*Ine.* Where's the little ſweet Lady your daughter?

*Moth.* Even at her booke ſir,

*Poſſ.* So religious?

*Moth.* Tis no new motion ſir ſh'has tooke it from an infant.

*Poſſ.* We may deſerve a ſight of her, Lady?

*Moth.* Upon that condition you will promiſe mee gentlemen, to avoid all prophane talke, wanton Complements, undecent phrazes, and laſcivious courtings, (which I know my daughter will ſooner dye then endure;) I am contented your ſuits ſhall bee granted.

*Poſſ.* Not a bawdy ſillable I proteſt.

*Ineſſe.* Sillable was plac'ſt there, for indeed your one ſillables are your bawdieſt words, pricke that downe.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Maſter Harebraine.*

*Hareb.* She may make night-work on't, twas well recovered, He Cats and Curtizans ſtrowle moſt i'th night, Her friend may be receiv'd and conveyd forth nightly, Ile beat charge for watch and ward, for watch and ward Yfaith, and here they come.

*Enter two or three Watchmen.*

*First.* Give your Worſhips good even.

*Hareb.* Welcome my friends, I muſt deſerve your diligence in an imployment ſerious: the troth is, there is a cunning plot laid, but happily diſcovered, to robbe my Houſe: the night uncertaine when, but ſure within the circle of this moneth: nor do's this villany conſiſt in numbers: Or many partners, onely ſome one Shall in the forme of my familiar friend,

Bee

Be receiv'd privately into my house,
By some perfidious servant of mine owne,
Addrest fit for the practise.

*First.* O abhominable!

*Hareb.* If you be faithfull watchmen, shew your goodnes,
And with these Angels shoare up your eye-lids:
Let me not be purloind, purloind indeed; the merry *Greekes* conceive me: there is a Iem I would not loose, Kept by the *Italian* under locke and key: we *English-men* are careless creatures: well, I have said enough.

*Second.* And we will doe enough sir. *Exeunt.*

*Hareb.* Why well said, watch me a good turne now, so, so, so
Rise villany with the Larke, why 'tis prevented,
Or steal't by with the leather winged Bat:
The evening cannot save it, peace; Oh Lady *Gulman*, my wives onely company! welcome; & how do's the vertuous Matron, that good old Gentlewoman thy Mother? I perswade my selfe, if modesty be in the world she has part on't: a woman of an excellent carriage all her life time, in Court, City, and Country.

*Curtiz.* Sha's alwaies carried it well in those places sir; witnesse three bastards a piece: how do's your sweete bedfellow sir? you see I'me her boldest visitant.

*Hareb.* And welcome sweet Virgin, the onely companion, my soule wishes for her; I left her within at her Lute, prethee give her good counsell.

*Curtiz.* Alas, she needs none sir.

*Hareb.* Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not come amisse to her.

*Curtiz.* Ile bestow my labour sir.

*Hareb.* Doe, labour her prethee; I have conveyd away all her wanton Pamphlets, as *Hero* and *Leander*, *Venus* and *Adonis*, oh two luthious mary-bone pies for a yong married wife, here, here, prethee take the resolution, and read to her a little.

*Curt.* Sha's set up her resolution already sir.

*Hareb.*

*Hareb.* Thus, true, and this will confirme it the more; there's a Chapter of Hell in 'tis good to read this cold weather, terrifie her, terrifie her; goe, reade to her the horrible punishments for lasting wantonnesse, the paines allotted for adultery; tell her her thoughts, her very dreames are answerable, say so; rip up the life of a Curtizan, and shew how loathsome 'tis.

*Curt.* The Gentleman would perswade mee in time to disgrace my selfe, and speake ill of mine owne function. *Exit.*

*Hareb.* This is the course I take, Ile teach the married man
A new selected straine, I admit none
But this pure virgin to her company.
Puh, that's enough; Ile keepe her to her stint,
Ile put her to her pension,
She gets but her allowance, that's bare one,
Few women but have that beside their owne.
Ha, ha, ha; nay Ile put her hard too't.

*Enter Wife and Curtizan.*

*Wife.* Faine would I meete the gentleman.

*Curt.* Push, faine would you meete him, why, you doe Not take the course.

*Hareb.* How earnestly she labours her, like a good holsome sister of the family, she will prevaile I hope.

*Curt.* Is that the meanes?

*Wife.* What *is* the meanes? I would as gladly to injoy his sight, imbrace it as the —

*Curt.* Shall I have hearing? listen?

*Hareb.* She's round with her y faith.

*Curt.* When husbands in their ranck'st suspitions dwell,
Then 'tis our best Art to dissemble well,
Put but these notes in use, that I'le direct you,
He'le curse himselfe he were he did suspect you.
Perhaps he will solliecite you, as in triall
To visite such and such, still give deniall.

Let no perswasions sway you; they are but ferches
Set to betray your jealousies, slights, and reaches:
Seeme in his sight to induce the sight of no man.
But by all kisses, till you kisse in common,
Neglect all entertainment, if he bring in
Strangers, keepe you your chamber, be not seene;
If he chance steele upon you, let him find,
Some booke lyd open 'gainst an unchast mind;
And coted Scriptures, tho for your owne pleasure,
You reade some stirring Pamphlet, and convey it
Under your Skirt, the fittest place to lay it.
This is the course my wench to injoy thy wishes;
Here you performe best, when you most neglect,
The way to daunt, is to out-vie suspect;
Manage these principles, but' with Art and life,
Welcome all Nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

*Hareb.* She puts it home yfaith, ev'n to the quicke.
From her Elaborate action I catch that;
I must requite this maid; yfaith i'me forgetfull.

*Wife.* Here Lady, convey my heart unto him in this Jewel,
Against you see me next, you shall perceive
I have profited; in the mean season tell him
I am a prisoner yet, a'th masters side.
My husbands jealousie, that masters him, as he doth master
And as a Keeper that locks prisoners up,
Is himselfe prison'd under his owne Key:
Even so my husband in restraining me,
With the same ward-bars his owne liberty.

*Curt.* Ile tell him how you wisht it, and Ile weare
My wits to the third pile, but all shall cleere.

*Wife.* I owe you more then thanke, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

*Curt.* Thinke you so Lady? he has small reason for't.

*Hareb.* What done so soone? away, too't againe, too't
againe, good wench too't againe; leave her not so, where
left you? come.

*Curt.* Faith I am weary sir:
I cannot draw her from her strict opinion,
With all the arguments that she can frame.

*Hareb.* No, let me come, Fye wife, you must consent;
what opinion is it, let's heare?

*Curtiz.* Fondly and wilfully she retaines that thought,
That every sinne is damb'd.

*Hareb.* Oh fie, fie, wife! Pea, pea, pea, pea, how have you lost your time? for shame bee converted: there's a diabolicall opinion indeed: that you may thinke that Usury were damb'd: you're a fine merchant yfaith: or bribery? you know the Law well: or sloth? would some of the Clergy heard you yfaith; or pride? you come at Court: or gluttony? you're not worthy to dine at an Aldermans Table:
Your onely deadly sin's Adultery,
That villanous ring-worme, womans worst requitall;
'Tis onely lechery that's damb'd to'th pit-hole:
Ah, that's an arch offence, beleeve it squill;
All sinners are veniall but veneriall.

*Curtiz.* I've said enough to her.

*Hareb.* And she will be rul'd by you.

*Curtiz.* Fah.

*Hareb.* Ile pawne my credit on't: come hither Lady,
I will not altogether rest ingratefull,
Here, weare this Rubie for thy paines and counsell.

*Curtiz.* It is not so much worth sir; I am a very ill Counsellor truely.

*Hareb.* Goe too I say.

*Curtiz.* Y'are too blame yfaith sir, I shall never deserve it.

*Hareb.* Thou hast don't already: farewell sweet Virgin, prethee let's see thee oftner.

*Curtiz.* Such gifts will soone intrance me. *Exit.*

*Hareb.* Wife, as thou lov'st the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsell, yeeld to her advices:
Thou wilt find comfort in 'em in the end,

Thou'lt feele an alteration, prethee thinke but so:
mine eyes can scarce refrain her from [illegible]

*Wife.* Keepe in your teares sir, till [illegible] you
want it.

*Hareb.* I've pawn'd my credit on't, ah, [illegible] know,
The sweete fruit [illegible]

*Wife.* 'Tis that I strive to get, [illegible]
That every [illegible]

*Hareb.* [illegible]

*Wife.* [illegible]

*Hareb.* [illegible]

*Wife.* [illegible]

*Hareb.* [illegible]

*Wife.*

*Foot.* Pray can your worship tell me, Hoh, hoh, hoh; if my L. be come in yet?

*Sir Boun.* Thy L.! what L.?

*Foot.* My L. *Owe-much* sir.

*Sir Boun.* My L. *Owe-much*? I have heard much speech of that L. h'as great acquaintance i'th City; that L. has beene much followed.

*Foot.* And is still sir; he wants no company when hee's in *London*: hee's free of the *Mercers*, and there's none of 'em all dare crosse him.

*Sir Boun.* And they did, hee'd tume overa new leafe with 'em; hee would make 'em all weary on't i'th end: much good may't have I heard of that L. yet had I never the fortune to set eye upon him; dirt late he will alight here Footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistooke.

*Foot.* Thinkes your Worship so sir? by your leave sir.

*Sir Boun.* Puh; passion of me, Footman, why Pumps I say come backe.

*Foot.* Do's your Worship call?

*Sir Boun.* Come hither I say, I am but afraid on't, would it might happen so well; how dost know? did hee name the house with the great Tarret a top?

*Foot.* No faith did he not sir.

*Sir Boun.* Come hither I say, did hee speake of a cloth, a gold chamber?

*Foot.* Not one word by my troth sir.

*Sir Boun.* Was there no talke of a faire pare of Organes, a great gilt candlestick, and a paire of silver snuffers?

*Foot.* 'Twere sinne to belye my Lord, I heard no such words sir.

*Sir Boun.* A pox confine thee; come again, puh.

*Foot.* Your Worship will undoe me sir.

*Sir Boun.* Was there no speech of a long dining-roome, a large kitchin, large meate, and a broad dresser board?

*Foot.* I have a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your Worship.

*Sir Boun.* Whom did he name?

*Foot.* Why one Sir *Bounteous Progreſſe.*

*Sir Boun.* Ah, a, a; I am that Sir *Bounteous* you progreſſive round-about Raſcall.

*Foot.* Laughs, puh ---

*Sir Boun.* I knew I ſhould have him i'th end, there's not a Lord will miſſe me, I thanke their good honours; 'tis a fortune laid upon me, they can ſcent our their beſt entertainement, I have a kind of complementall gift given me above ordinary Country Knights, and how ſoone, 'tis ſmelt out, I warrant yee, there's not one Knight i'th Sheire able to entertaine a Lord i'th Qu, or a Lady i'th nicke like me; like me, there's a kind of grace belongs too't; a kind of Art which naturally ſlips from me: I know not on't I promiſe you, 'tis gone before i me aware on't; cuds me I forget my ſelfe, where ---

*Firſt.* Does your Worſhip call?

*Sir Boun.* Run ſirrah, call in my chiefe gentleman i'th Chaine of gold, expedite; and how does my good Lord? I never ſaw him before in my life: a cup of baſtard for this Foot-man.

*Foot.* My Lord has travaild this five yeare ſir.

*Sir Boun.* Travaild this five yeare? how many children has he? ſome baſtard I ſay.

*Foot.* No baſtard an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

*Sir Boun.* A cup of Sacke to ſtrengthen his wit, the foot-mans a foole; oh, come hither Maſter *Gunwater*, come hither: ſend preſently to maſter *Pheſant* for one of his Hens, there's Partrige i'th houſe.

*Gun.* And Wild-ducke an't pleaſe your Worſhip.

*Sir Boun.* And Woodcocke an't pleaſe thy worſhip.

*Gun.* And Woodcocks an't pleaſe your Worſhip: I had thought to have ſpoke before you.

*Sir Boun.* Remember the Pheſant, downe with ſome Plover, clap downe ſixe Woodcocks, my love's comming: now ſir.

*Gun.*

*Gun.* Ant pleaſe your Worſhip there's a Lord and his followers newly alighted.

*Sir Boun.* Diſpatch I ſay, diſpatch: and where's your muſicke? hee's come indeed.

*Enter Folly-wit like a Lord and his Comrades in blew Coates.*

*Folly-w.* Footman. *Foot.* My Lord.

*Folly-w.* Run ſwiftly with my comendations to S. *Jaſper Topas*, wee'le ride and viſite him i'th morning ſay.

*Foot.* Your Lordſhips charge ſhall be effected. *Exit.*

*Folly-w.* That Courtly comly forme, ſhould preſent to me Sir *Bounteous Progreſſe.*

*Sir Boun.* Y'ave found me out my Lord, I cannot hide my Selfe. Your honour is moſt ſpatiouſly welcome. (houſes.

*Folly.* In this forgive me Sir, that being a ſtranger to your And you, I make my way ſo bold, and preſume
Rather upon your kindneſſe than your knowledge,
Onely your bounteous diſpoſition;
Fame hath divulged, and it is to me well knowne.

*Sir Boun.* Nay, and your Lordſhip know my diſpoſition, you know me better then they that know my perſon; your honour is ſo much the welcomer for that.

*Folly-w.* Thankes good Sir *Bounteous.*

*Sir Boun.* Pray pardon me, it has bin often my ambition my L. both in reſpect of your honourable preſence, and the prodigall fame that keepes even ſtroke with your unbounded worthineſſe:
To have wiſht your Lordſhip, where your Lordſhip is
A noble gueſt in this unworthy ſeate:
Your Lordſhip ne're heard my Organs.

*Folly-w.* Heard of 'em Sir *Bounteous*, but neve rheared 'em.

*Sir Boun.* The're but double gilt my L. ſome hundred and fifty pound will fit your Lordſhip with ſuch another paire.

*Folly-w.*

*Folly-w.* Indeed sir *Bounteous* ?

*Sir Boun.* O my L. I have a present suite to you.

*Folly-w.* To me sir *Bounteous*, and you could ne're speake at fitter time? for I'me here present to grant you.

*Sir Boun.* Your Lordship has bin a traveller.

*Folly-w.* Some five yeare sir.

*Sir Boun.* I have a Grandchild my L. I love him; and when I dye, Ile doe somewhat for him: Ile tell your honour the worst of him, a wild lad he has bin.

*Folly-w.* So we have bin all sir.

*Sir Boun.* So we have bin all indeed my L. I thanke your Lordships assistance; some Comick prankes hee has bin guilty of, but Ile pawne my credit for him; an honest trusty bosome.

*Folly-w.* And that's worth all sir.

*Sir Boun.* And that's worth all indeed my L. for hee's like to have all when I dye; *imberdis tuyebis*, his chin has no more prickles yet then a Mid-wives: there's great hope of his wit his haire's so long a comming: shall I bee bold with your honour, to preferre this aforesaid Gentleman to hold a plate under your Lordships Cup?

*Folly-w.* You wrong both his worth, and your bounty; and you call that boldnesse: Sir I have heard much good of that yong Gentleman.

*Sir Boun.* Nay h'as a good wit yfaith my L.

*Folly-w.* H'as carried himselfe alwayes generously.

*Sir Boun.* Are you advis'd of that my L.? h'as carried many things cleanly: Ile shew your Lordship my Will, I keepe it above in an Out-landish boxe, the whiddon Boy must have all: I love him, yet hee shall ne're find it as long as I live.

*Folly-w.* Well sir, for your sake, and his owne deserving, Ile reserve a place for him neerest to my secrets.

*Sir Boun.* I understand your good Lordship, you'le make him your Secretary: my masticke, give my L. a taste of his welcome.

*A straine plaid by the Consort, Sir Bountevous makes a Courtly honour to that L. and seemes to foot the tune.*

*Sir Boun.* So, how like you our Ayres my Lord? are they choice?

*Fol.* You're seldome mistaken in your love in it.

*Sir Boun.* The Comfort of mine own household.

*Fol.* Yee sir.

*Sir Boun.* The Musitians are in Ordinary, yet no ordinary Musitians: your Lordship shall heare my Organs now.

*Fol.* Oh I beseech you sir *Bountevous.*

*Sir Boun.* My Organist.

*The Organs play, and cover'd dishes march over the Stage.*

Come my L. how does your honour relish my Organ?

*Fol.* A very proud Ayre my sir.

*Sir Boun.* Oh, how can't chuse, a Walloon playes upon 'em, and a Welchman blowes wind in their breech. *Exeunt.*

*A song to the Organs.*

*Enter sir Bountevous with Folly-wit, and his consorts toward his lodging.*

*Sir Boun.* You must pardon us my L. lusty cates, your honour has had e'en a hunting meale on't: and now I am like to bring your Lordship to as meane a lodging, a hard Downe bed with my L. poore Cambricke sheets, and a Cloth of Tissue Canopy, the Curtaines indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the Prodigall Child in silke and gold, onely the Swine are left out my L. for spoyling the Curtaines.

*Fol.* Twas well prevented sir.

*Sir Boun.* Silken rest, harmonious slumbers, and venerall dreames to your Lordship.

*Folly-w.* The like to kind *Sir Bounteous.*

*Sir Boun.* Fie, not to me my Lord me old, past dreaming of such vanities.

*Folly-w.* Old men should dreame best.

*Sir Boun.* Their dreames indeed my Lord y'ave giv'n us: to morrow your Lordship shall see my Cockes, my Fish-ponds, my Parke, my Champion grounds, I keepe Champers in my house can shew your Lordship some pleasure.

*Fol.* Sir *Bounteous* you ev'n whelme me with delights.

*Sir Boun.* Once agen a musicall night to your honour; ile trouble your Lordship no more. *Exit.*

*Fol.* Good rest Sir *Bounteous*; so, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits?

*Lieft.* In your Lordships Port-mantua.

*Fol.* Peace Leiftenant,

*Lieft.* I had rather have War, Captaine.

*Fol.* Puh, the plot's ripe, come, to the businesse lad:
Tho guilt condemnes, 'tis guilt must make us glad.

*Leift.* Nay, and you be at your distinctions Captaine, ile follow behind no longer.

*Fol.* Get you before then, and whelme your nose with your vizard; goe.
Now Grandsire; you that hold me at hard meat,
And keepe me out at the Dags end, ile fit you;
Under his Lordships leave, all must be mine,
He and his Will confesses; what I take then,
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand that
Ile pay him agen when he dyes, in so many blacks,
Ile have the Church hung round with a noble a yard,
Or requite him in Scutchions, let him trap me
In gold, and ile lap him in lead; *quid pro quo*: I
Must looke none of his Angels in the face forsooth,
Untill his face be not worth looking on: Tut lads,
Let Sires and Grandsires keepe us low, we must
Live when the're flesh, as well as when the're dust. *Exit*

*Enter.*

*Enter Curtizan with her man.*

*Curt.* Goe sirrah, run presently to M. *Penitent Brothel*; you know his lodging, knocke him up, I know he cannot sleepe for sighing; tell him I've happily bethought a meane, To make his purpose prosper in each limbe, Which onely rests to be approv'd by him: Make hast, I know he thirsts for't. *Exeunt.*

*Within.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Enter in a masking suite with a vizard in his hand, Folly-wit.*

*Folly-w.* Harke, the're at their businesse.

*First.* Theeves, theeves.

*Fol.* Gag that gaping raskall, tho hee bee my Grandsires chiefe Gentleman i'th chaine of gold, ile have no pitty of him: How now lads?

*Enter the rest vizarded.*

*Leift.* Al's sure and safe, on with your vizard sir; the servants are all bound.

*Fol.* There's one care past then, come follow me lads, ile lead you now to'th point, and top of all your fortunes; yon lodging is my Grandsires.

*Leift.* So, so, lead on, on, on.

*Ant.* Here's a Captaine worth the following, and a wit worth a mans love and admiring!

*Enter with sir Bounteous in his night-gowne.*

*Sir Boun.* Oh gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what Country-men are you?

*Fol. Lincolne-shiere* men Sir.

*Sir Boun.* I am glad of that yfaith,

*Fol.* And why should you be glad of that?

*Sir Boun.* Oh, the honestest theeves of all come out of *Lincolne-shiere*; the kindest natur'd gentlemen; the'le rob a man with conscience: they have a feeling of what they goe about, and will steale with teares in their eyes: ah pittifull gentlemen.

*Fol.* Push, money, money; we come for money.

*Sir Boun.* Is that all you come for? Ah what a beast was I to put out my money to her day: alas good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray come againe another time.

*Fol.* Tut, tut sir; money.

*Sir Boun.* Oh not too loud sir, you're too shrill a gentleman; I have a L. lyes in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

*Fol.* Who my L. *Owe-much*? wee have tooke order with him before hand, hee lyes bound in his bed, and all his followers.

*Sir Boun.* Who my L.? bound my L.? Alas what did you meane to bind my L.? he could keepe his bed well enough without binding: y'ave undone me i'nt already, you needs rob me no farder.

*Fol.* Which is the Key, come?

*Sir Boun.* Ah I perceive now, y'are no true *Lincolne-shiere* spirits; you come rather out of *Bedford shiere*, we cannot lye quiet in our beds for you: so, take enough my Masters; spur a free horse, my name's sir *Bountenus*, a merry world yfaith; what Knight but I keepe open house at midnight? Well, there should bee a conscience, if one could hit uppon't.

*Fol.* Away now, ceaze upon him, bind him.

*Sir Boun.* Is this your Court of equity? why should I be bound for mine owne money? but come, come, bind me, I have need on't; I have bin too liberall to night, keepe in my hands: nay, as hard as you list: I am too good to beare my L. company, you have watcht your time my Masters; I

was

was Knighted at *Westminster*, but many of these nights will make me a Knight of *Windsor*; y'ave deserv'd to well my Masters, I bid you all to dinner to morrow, I would I might have your companies y'faith, I desire no more.

*Fol.* Oh-ho sir?

*Sir Boun.* Pray meddle not with my Organs, to put 'em out of tune.

*Fol.* Oh no, here's better musicke for you.

*Sir Boun,* Ah pox feast you. *Exit.*

*Fol.* Dispatch with him, away, to thanke you good Grandsire, this was bounteously done of him y'faith, it came somewhat hard from him at first, for indeed nothing came stiffe from an old man but money; and he may well stand upon that, when he has nothing else to stand upon: where's our *Pare mantua.*

*Leift.* Here Bully-Captaine.

*Fol.* In with the purchase, 'twill lye safe enough there under's nose I warrant you, what, is all sure? *Enter Ancient.*

*Ant.* All's sure Captaine.

*Fol.* You know what follows now, one villaine binds his fellowes; goe, we must be all bound for our owne securities Raskals, there's no dallying upo'th point you conoche me? there is a L. to be found bound in the morning, and all his followers, can you picke out that L. now?

*Leift.* O admirable spirit!

*Fol.* You ne're plot for your safeties, so your wants bee satisfied.

*Ant.* But if wee binde one another, how shall the last man be bound?

*Fol.* Poxe on't, he have the footman scape.

*Foot.* That's I, I thanke you sir.

*Fol.* The foot-man of all other will be suppos'd to scape, for he comes in no bed all night, but lyes in's cloathes, to be first ready i'th morning: the horse and he lyes in's litter together, that's the right fashion of your bonny Foot-man: and his freedome will make the better for our purpose, for